



The Nation

VOL. XV., No. 5.]
Registered as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1914.

[PRICE 6D.
Postage: U.K., 3d. Abroad, 2d.]

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	161	The Extravagance of Modern Art. By Henry Holiday ...	181
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bonar Law. By Isa M. D. Robertson and Cecil E. D. Heriz-Smith ...	181
War and Peace ...	164	The Danger in the Criminal Justice Administration Bill. By Barbara Ayrton Gould ...	182
The New Force in French Politics ...	165	The Health of the Child. By Dr. Ronald Carter ...	182
The Clergy and the Creeds ...	166	POETRY:—	
The Budget and the Ratepayer. By E. Richard Cross ...	168	Although the Season of thy Life Decline. By Edith Anne Stewart ...	182
A LONDON DIARY. By A Wayfarer ...	169	THE WORLD OF BOOKS ...	183
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		REVIEWS:—	
Beauty as a Commercial Lure ...	170	Where Extremes Meet ...	184
That Mathematicians are Men ...	171	Apologia Petri ...	185
The Elver Swarm ...	173	A Roman Moralist ...	185
SHORT STUDIES:—		Industrial Peace ...	186
Studies of Extravagance. II.—The Plain Man. By John Galsworthy ...	174	The Case against the Hapburgs ...	188
THE DRAMA:—		Samples ...	190
I.—Mr. Lawrence's Tragedy. By H. W. M. II.—A University Performance of "Brand." By X. ...	175	BOOKS IN BRIEF:—	
COMMUNICATIONS:—		American and English Studies ...	190
The Cocoa Slavery—The Case Established. By Henry W. Nevilson ...	177	Essays and Letters on Public Affairs ...	190
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—		THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Lucellum ...	192
The Fears of Ulster. By Joseph P. O'Kane ...	178	SUPPLEMENT:—	
The Home Rule Bill and Ulster. By Richard O'Shaughnessy and Equality ...	179	Mr. Sturge Moore's New Poems ...	199
L'on n'est pas plus naïf. By W. F. F. Stockley ...	180	The Captor of Delhi ...	200
The New Civil Service. By F. H. Norman ...	180	An Irish Epic ...	201
		The Layman's Library ...	202
		Richard Jefferies ...	203
		Side-lights on Educational Problems ...	203
		Profligism ...	204
		Vanity Fair ...	206

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

A SHOCKING if clever defiance of the King's authority in Ulster was executed in the dark hours of Friday night and Saturday morning last by the Ulster Volunteers, who acted in the spirit and under the forms of a rival Government. Having chartered a steamer, called the "Fanny," and loaded it with a heavy cargo of German Mauser rifles (some 30,000) and ammunition, they landed it at three points North and South of Belfast Lough, and conveyed it to their secret dépôts. To effect this purpose a great organization was set on foot. Roads were stopped, save to persons armed with Orange permits; the postal, telegraphic, and telephone services were held up; the small available force of police and coastguards were threatened and detained, and a Belfast railway station held in force till the coup had been completed. No actual violence was used, for it was not necessary, and the Volunteers were armed with sticks not with guns. But a coastguardsmen, hurrying to report the outrage to his chief, fell dead, the first, but probably not the last, victim of the Ulster rebellion.

ON Monday, the Prime Minister described these proceedings as "a grave and unprecedented outrage," and assured the House that the Government would take appropriate steps to vindicate authority and protect the King's officers and subjects. Up to the present, however, the Government have not disclosed the material of their plans. No more soldiers have been moved into Ulster, but a large flotilla of destroyers have been sent to patrol the Irish coast. In Belfast, Sir Nevil Macready practically remains a general without troops, and the despatch north of an infantry regiment or two, which has been rumored, has not taken place.

POLITICALLY, this grave event has produced the tenders of peace which usually follow the Ulstermen's acts of war. On Tuesday night, Mr. Churchill, answering Mr. Austen Chamberlain's call for a "full and impartial" inquiry into the Ministerial "plot" to keep Ulster under the Crown, closed a fierce indictment of the outrage and a pledge to meet force by force with a renewed advance, made on his own account and without formal leave of the Cabinet, but sympathetically regarded by the Prime Minister. Why, said Mr. Churchill, cannot Sir Edward Carson say boldly, "give me the amendments I ask for to safeguard the dignity and interests of Protestant Ulster, and, in return, I will use all my influence and goodwill to make Ireland an integral unit in a Federal system"?

ON the following day a triple response was made to this appeal. Mr. Bonar Law offered to resume private conversations with Ministers, and said generously that if Mr. Asquith preferred to speak with Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Lansdowne, he would not stand in the way. Mr. Balfour, reviewing, in language of sad and eloquent retrospect, the course of his own Irish policy, declared that he should regard the exclusion of Ulster as no party triumph, and added that a Home Rule Parliament for the rest of Ireland must mark his own life's work with failure. But he hinted that he would submit to this personal rebuff, provided the price were an avoidance of civil war.

THIS magnanimous note was also struck by Sir Edward Carson in a somewhat more specific tender of terms. Sir Edward declared that if Home Rule passed, it would be his earnest hope and prayer that it might succeed for the South and West of Ireland, so that it might be to Ulster's interest to come in and form "one unit" with the rest of the country. Such a unity, however, depended on goodwill, and could not be brought about by force. All that he had asked with regard to Ulster was that after fixing a six years' limit, the Government should not require her to come in until Parliament asked her to do so. In other words, the six years' limit should be removed, and the Government should put in instead, "until this Parliament shall otherwise determine." He added that if the proposal was to exclude Ulster until such time as a federal scheme could be considered in the light of the history of an Irish Parliament—"how they got on, and as to whether Ulster should form a portion of the integral unit"—he would "go over and press that proposal on Ulster."

To this step into the open, and acknowledgment of the central fact of Irish unity, Mr. Asquith gave a cautious welcome. His position was difficult, for both the Irish and the Radicals had marked the close of Mr. Churchill's speech with an astonished sense of its contrast to its combative opening and middle, and after the exasperating events of last week, the turn had been too suddenly taken. There was no wind to follow the ship's new tack, for even Parliament cannot move as quickly as the neurotic reactions of the popular press. The Prime Minister "welcomed" and "reciprocated" the spirit of the speech, and thought that Sir Edward intended to help, and not to hinder, a settlement. The door to it remained open, and he would never close it unless circumstances forced him, so long as it showed the direction in which the Irishmen on both sides desired to go. This utterance is taken as pointing, not to a direct settlement on the floor of the House, but to the renewal of negotiations, in which, it is clear that Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Redmond must take part. We have too long been trying to settle Ireland without the Irishmen. Now it is obvious that they must be called in. Meanwhile, there are notes of caution and distrust from Belfast and Dublin. The "Northern Whig" in particular insists that Romanism is the enemy, and that Ulster will never resort to a Catholic Parliament.

THE first ballots in the French General Election were held on Sunday, and the results show that no sweeping change is likely in the composition of the new Chamber. It is difficult to interpret the figures, for the shades of opinion that divide French groups are often imperceptible, and the attitude of the larger groups is rarely disciplined or homogeneous. Moving from right to left, the deputies who secured an absolute majority on Sunday were classified as follows in the official figures:—

Reactionaries, 66. Four gains.
 Progressists, 47. Three losses.
 Federation of the Left (Briandists), 20. One loss.
 Republicans of the Left, 38. Two losses.
 Radicals and Radical Socialists, 118. Three gains.
 Independent ("Republican") Socialists, 11. Two losses.
 Socialists, 40. Four gains.

On this showing, the three last groups, which in general support the present Ministry, have a net gain of five seats. But the real situation will be disclosed only when the 251 second ballots are taken on Sunday week.

THE only interesting feature of the election is the growth of the Socialist poll, which is far from being reflected by their gains on Sunday. They have rallied over 1,400,000 votes, which represents 16 per cent. of the electorate. Their total increase amounts to 280,000, which may be compared with an increase of 232,000 in 1910. The rate of growth is much slower than that of the German party; but, on the other hand, no other party appears to be growing at all in France as a whole, though the Nationalist reaction has undoubtedly grown almost as rapidly as Socialism in Paris and its suburbs. The Socialists reckon on winning fifty-six seats in the second ballots with Radical support, and it is probable that their total gain will be about twenty seats, and their total representation about 100. The Rochette scandal has evidently had little effect on the voting, for MM. Caillaux, Barthou, and Briand have all been returned, though by diminished majorities. M. Tardieu, of the "Temps," has won a seat as a Briandist, while the popular poet and critic, Richepin, has been defeated. MM. Reinach and Paté, specially identified with the Three Years' Law, must face second ballots with very doubtful chances.

It is difficult to draw any political moral from these results, except that the Socialist opposition to the Three Years' Law has evidently improved the prospects of the party, though it has not made what the Americans would call a "landslide" in their favor. The "Temps" makes much of the success of some of the leading advocates of militarism and the defeat of some of its leading opponents, but these successes include a drop of 2,000 in M. Briand's majority, and have resulted in no net gains for his party. The Radical attitude varied so much that nothing can be deduced from its modest success. Some Radicals were as uncompromisingly anti-militarist as the Socialists, others voted for the law; most of them promised its gradual relaxation. If, as seems likely, the Left, as a whole, is slightly strengthened, the chief result will be the passage of a fairly democratic income-tax. There will undoubtedly be a majority in the new Chamber, as there was in the old, for proportional representation.

WITH the capture of Vera Cruz the sort of war against General Huerta has been suspended, and the intention of taking the Port of Tampico abandoned. This is good news, but better still is the statesmanlike move of the three senior Latin American Republics. Argentina, Brazil, and Chili have jointly offered their mediation in the struggle between Mexico and the United States, and both sides have accepted the offer. They were naturally alarmed at a development of the "big stick" policy which threatened, by setting up a precedent, to infringe their own independence. If their diplomacy succeeds, it must make a fateful modification in the working of the Monroe Doctrine, by substituting what is virtually an American Concert for the isolated action of the United States. That is the larger implication of their move, which is welcomed in Washington on the shorter but eminently sensible view that it may avail to prevent a limited intervention from broadening out into a war.

THE three mediators are keeping their own counsel, but there is no obscurity about the real difficulty. President Wilson's policy is summed up in the three words, "Huerta must go," and there is no evidence as yet that he has weakened in his resolve to stay. The attitude of the rebels is still doubtful, for while their nominal head, General Carranza, has issued a "hands-off" proclamation, their fighting chief, General Villa, has told an interviewer that anyone may make war on "that drunken beast, Huerta" for all he cares. There are rumors that the followers of General Diaz are plotting against Huerta in Mexico City; but, on the other hand, he is said to be making terms with the powerful Southern rebel-brigand, Zapata. Meanwhile, most of the American residents in Mexico, with some British refugees, have been successfully brought down to the coast through the good offices of British naval officers in Mexican waters. Intervention is recoiling seriously on American interests. The Tampico oil-fields are almost entirely idle, the oil is running into the rivers, and if this state of things continues, the supplies in some parts of the States, which depend on Mexican imports, will soon be exhausted. Proposals are being made for the neutralization of the oil-fields, but it is not clear why the Mexicans should be expected to consent to an arrangement which adds to the convenience of the Power that has invaded their territory.

THE second reading of the Plural Voting Bill was carried on Monday night by a majority of 77—324 votes to 247. Every Liberal and Labor member returned in 1906 and in successive Parliaments has behind him, as Mr. Harcourt said, a direct mandate to pass this Bill,

and it is probably more passionately desired by the average progressive elector than any other measure before the country. The present system is a heavy loading of the dice—to the extent of some 500,000 votes—against democracy, and the only argument for continuing it a day longer is that the Plural Voting Bill is unaccompanied by a Redistribution Bill. To this the Government replied on Monday that there was now no time to arrange such a measure with the House of Lords; but that if both sides were agreeable, the Boundary Commissioners might report in two or three months and the Bill become law before the Parliament came to an end. That seems a fair offer.

* * *

THE report of the Lords' Committee on Lord Murray's dealings in Marconi shares will be read with general agreement. Its wider conclusion is that Lord Murray, while committing grave errors, did nothing dishonorable. It expresses a "strong opinion" in favor of an "inflexible rule" precluding public officials from engaging in speculative transactions in stocks and shares. "The evils that may arise from a violation of this principle are," says the Committee, "incalculable." In detail, it relieves Lord Murray of all the more odious charges preferred against him. It is satisfied that he knew nothing of the rigging of the Marconi market; that while his transaction was thoughtless and in essence speculative, it was not dishonorable; that he ought to have handed over the Marconi shares in which he invested for the benefit of the party funds to his successor, Mr. Illingworth, but that he acted only from "misplaced zeal"; that he did not use his position as Chief Whip to hide his dealings from Parliament; and, finally, that there was no impropriety in his purchase of railway stock for the party funds during the coal strike. These strike us as balanced considerations, which close the moral account of these transactions.

* * *

A MINING strike in Colorado has developed into a minor civil war, waged with all the brutality and recklessness that marked the famous battles between the Pinkerton detectives and Mr. Carnegie's workmen. The capitalist in this case is Mr. Rockefeller, junior, who defies public opinion with hereditary obstinacy, and is rewarded by finding the armed forces of the Republic on his side. The miners are armed with rifles, and have fought what are described as regular pitched battles, first with the hired guards of the mines, then with the State militia, and at last with the Federal troops. The mining camp or village of Ludlow was burned down by the militia, and some women and children perished in the flames. The town of Aguilar is said to have been deserted by all its inhabitants. On one day the newspapers report the killing of fourteen miners, a woman, and two children. On the next it is seven mine guards who have been shot dead. It is said, however, that the sending of Federal troops was welcomed by both sides, but the strike is spreading, and the whole district has been proclaimed "in a state of insurrection." President Wilson has made an apparently fruitless appeal to Mr. Rockefeller, who stands dourly on his legal right to employ non-union labor.

* * *

THE critical general election in Sweden has yielded a curiously indecisive result. The electors had to pronounce under proportional representation upon the programme of increased armaments and extended military service put forward by a business Ministry which represented the King, and in the main reflected the views of the Conservative Party. Their votes were also inevitably a verdict on the King's direct interference.

The result of a passionate controversy is that both the extreme parties have improved their position. The Conservatives have obtained eighty-six and the Socialists seventy-three seats, winning between them thirty-one seats from the Liberals, whose numbers have fallen to seventy-one. In the last Rigsdag, Socialists and Liberals acted together, and formed a fairly solid composite majority. That majority will probably still subsist, but its internal balance is modified, and its preponderance diminished. The prestige of the Liberals who had attempted compromise has suffered, but the outcome of the election seems so far to be a defeat for the extreme scheme advocated by the Ministry, and a rebuke to the King for his intervention. It is possible, but unlikely, that the Liberal remnant will prefer to combine with the Conservatives, and Socialist comments reckon on the continuance of the old alliance.

* * *

AN unpleasant scandal has been revealed by the publication of Lord Cross's will. This document shows that he left property to the amount of over £79,000, though he was for many years in enjoyment of a pension of £2,000 a year. In all, this nobleman, who was a famous and skilful man of business, received from the State, in salary and pensions, over £100,000, which he either saved or spent. In either case he was obviously a very well-to-do man. The Prime Minister stated that Lord Cross had applied for a pension on the ground that his private means did not enable him to maintain his station in life, but denied that he had signed an undertaking to resign it if they substantially improved. Nevertheless, the fact of its retention seems to us extremely discreditable. Pensions for poor and old servants of the State and of private industry are an indispensable part of civilized life. But their abuse sets public opinion bitterly against them. And it cannot be argued that they are properly applied in raising a man's income, as Lord Cross's must have been raised, to over £5,000 a year. Meanwhile, Lord George Hamilton and Lord Balfour of Burleigh have excused this retention of a pension on the ground of adequate but precarious incomes, the fleeting character of directorships, and the uncertainties of human life. How would these canons fit the case of an old-age pensioner with a new job of ten shillings a week?

* * *

News from China has commonly a grotesque resemblance to fiction, and the peculiarly brutal story of piracy from Hong-Kong reads like a dull summary of a page from Trelawny. A British steamer, named the "Tai-On," sailed from Hong-Kong, crowded with passengers and laden with valuables. Disguised among the passengers was a band of pirates, who at nightfall overpowered the European officers after a struggle, stopped the engines, smashed the steering-gear, and fired the vessel fore and aft. She was burned down to the water's edge, but passing ships rescued the captain and 158 of the crew and passengers. The chief officer and 180 passengers are missing. It is a curious story, and one is puzzled to explain the mixture of mercy and cruelty in it. Why robbery need involve the burning of the ship is not clear, nor, if the object was to destroy evidence, does one understand why the officers were spared. The oddest part of the story is that nearly the same thing happened to the same ship a year ago. On land, meanwhile, Yuan-Shih-Kai's troops are at last pursuing White Wolf, and are said to have headed his army of brigands into desert country. To emphasize the anachronism two aeroplanes are joining in the chase.

Politics and Affairs.

WAR AND PEACE.

WE desire to do full justice to the spirit and the content of Mr. Balfour's and Sir Edward Carson's speeches in Wednesday night's debate. These speeches do, in our view, indicate a long advance towards a position at which the Government can go forward to meet the Opposition. It is not a matter of small significance that Mr. Balfour, the statesman who above all others represents the Unionist policy in its two characteristic attitudes of a denial of Irish self-government and of a long and skilful campaign to kill Home Rule by kindness, should formally acknowledge its failure, and, if the Prime Minister rightly interprets him, confess the inevitability of Home Rule. There is at least equal consequence in Sir Edward Carson's response to Mr. Churchill's appeal to say what he wanted in the way of amendments to the Home Rule Bill, and, if they were granted, to join in constituting Ireland "an integral unit" in a federal system. Sir Edward is a man not devoid of generosity or breadth of view, and it is a work of true amenity for him to publish his good wishes for the success of Home Rule for the South and West, and to hope that, in such an event, Ulster might come in and "form one unit with the rest of Ireland." These are, we should say, large verbal approaches, and if they represent a willingness to defer the Ulster question till Ulster can speak her mind with ample experience of the working of Home Rule, or with the outlines of an equitable scheme of devolution for the four national units before her eyes, they are not far from the essential ideas and aspirations of Liberalism and Nationalism. All parties, it is clear, confronted with the rude spectacle of lawlessness, recoil from civil strife, and turn instinctively to a Parliamentary settlement. All agree that Ulster shall not be brought immediately under the Home Rule Bill. The Opposition now seems willing to contemplate the unity of Ireland under self-government. The Liberal and Nationalist parties hesitate to impose that unity by force. Their reluctance has already materialized in the six years' option. The only point of practice is whether the Government can add to this option a further option, giving Parliament a power to bring Ulster in whenever she is ready to come in, either after observation of the working of the Dublin Parliament, or because a general scheme of federal government for these islands has been devised, and only her assent to it, under a unitary Irish system, is lacking. If to these positive efforts at reconciliation can be added the spirit of human sympathy which Sir Edward Carson evoked on Wednesday, we ought to be nearing the long-sought and much-desired goal of peace.

But while we say this, and profess our respect for peace-makers, there remains a difference between peace-making and phrase-making, and the one habit must not be mistaken for the other. The main part of Mr. Churchill's speech on Tuesday was taken up with an eloquent indictment of the acts of violence and illegality of which Sir Edward Carson's levies in Ulster have been guilty. The last sentences were devoted to the renewed tender of peace to these offenders. Many propositions underlie the simple rhetoric of Mr. Churchill's appeal. Sir

Edward Carson has still to say what sort of an interim Home Rule Bill will satisfy him, and the Liberal and the Conservative and the Nationalist Parties must indicate what form of federalism, and what kind of exemption for Ulster, will content them. Constitutions cannot in any case be chaffered across the table of the House of Commons, especially a form of constitution involving a revolutionary change in the fabric of our State. Even if they could be, the bargainers must be willing to give and ready to take, and able to control the parties they represent. Sir Edward Carson's words are well, and we believe them to be honestly spoken. But all that they know of his plans and actions must have inclined many Liberals to think that no actual readiness for peace exists. For proof of that they have only to recite the accumulating evidence of the last fortnight. The Prime Minister renews an oft-tendered offer of settlement. Sir Edward Carson describes it as a "hypocritical sham." The Government sedulously keep open the door which leads to private negotiations; the Opposition leader responds, and, within a few days of his overture, describes the Prime Minister as a liar and a dishonorable man. A few hours more, and the Ulster Volunteers, in obedience to a long-concerted plan, conduct a great gun-running raid, intimidate and imprison the King's officers, seize and occupy a railway station, and temporarily wrest a large territory in Ulster from the hands of the Crown. The Government, being thus assailed with war, cannot at once, and in response to a few sentences of appeasement from Mr. Balfour and Sir Edward Carson, answer for peace. As the King's representatives, their attitude towards Sir Edward Carson and his agents must be that of law-keepers to law-breakers. As the head of one great party, allied with another for an important public purpose, they are bound to consider whether the undeviating end of these politicians is the modification of the Home Rule Bill or its utter destruction. After Wednesday night's speeches, this mental attitude may call for large reconsideration. But acts have their intentions, as well as words. Has the Army been tampered with in order to amend or enlarge the Ulster option? Are hundreds of thousands of pounds spent, scores of thousands of men trained and held in hand, and rifles poured in for their use, merely to riddle a clause or cut off a section? None of the earlier actions of Sir Edward Carson and his men were intelligible on this hypothesis. They did not make offers; they invited them. When these were made, they receded and asked for more. They did not precisely define their position; they endeavored to unmask that of their opponents. The advantage of such a course was clear. If they could lure the Government on to the point at which a breach could be effected between the Irish and the British sections of the defending force, the battle was won. Then, indeed, Ulster could disarm, for Home Rule would have been beaten, and the Irish position would have reverted to the old attitudes of a dominant minority and an out-maneuvred and doubly crushed majority.

But there has been a further test of the reality of the earlier overtures of the Opposition. There are two possible forms of settlement. The Home Rule Bill may

be amended by consent in the House of Lords, or an amending Bill may be carried after the passage of the existing measure. Only if there is a prospect of the former procedure is it worth the while of the Commons to set up the machinery of "suggestions" and to invite the co-operation of the Opposition. If the House of Lords will refuse in any case to pass the Bill, the cooks of the Commons will waste their time in preparing for them a dish which they mean to throw out of the window. And this is precisely the course which Mr. Walter Long, in moving the rejection of the Bill, declared that the peers meant to take. "The first proposal," he said (that of amending the Bill), "involves the acceptance of this Bill in its amended form by those who represent the Unionist Party in the House of Lords. *That is a policy to which I do not believe any member of the Unionist Party will in any possible conditions submit.*" And Mr. Long added that the Bill "must and will be opposed by us," and that the only possible course for the Government was to prepare an amending measure.

Now we need not say that in all circumstances the Government, while holding themselves open to negotiate a settlement which would leave Ulster essentially free to stay out or to come into a self-governed Ireland, must go forward with the Bill and pass it. If they falter here, they go to the country dishonored and undone. But Mr. Long's speech was an invitation to them to go full steam ahead. They were warned beforehand that nothing they could do to this detested instrument could fashion it to the will of the Lords, and that, amended or unamended, it would go to the block. It is now suggested that there will be a change and that an agreed Bill may emerge from the private negotiations between leaders. So be it. But if this is thwarted by fresh violence in Ulster, or a revival of the intransigent spirit in the Commons, we see nothing for it but to go on. As the Government could effect no purpose of conciliation by permitting a fruitless wrangle on the "suggestions" stage, they had better cut it altogether, and leave the Lords to work their will. Then at last we shall have got to the stage of realities. The Lords may then reject the Bill or ignore the Bill. In either event it will be passed over their heads on the last day of the Session. We shall thus have as our *fait accompli* a constitutional fact, which we can place in the scale with the unconstitutional acts of Mr. Law and Sir Edward Carson.

We have said nothing in this article as to the methods which the Government should employ in dealing with the actual outrage on the laws and the peace of the realm of which the Ulster Volunteers have been guilty. The Government have the responsibility, and they must meet it. They have apparently decided to watch the coast, with the view of preventing further enterprises in gun-running, but not to order any considerable body of soldiers into Ulster. But we are quite sure as to what must be the political and Parliamentary answer to any and all acts of treasonable intimidation. The Bill must be pressed to an early passage, up to the point at which the powers of the Parliament Act can be fully applied to it. High treason in Ulster and elsewhere will then be aimed, not merely at something contingent or in the future, but at the declared will of the Crown. We shall hate to witness such a confrontation, and, in common

with all good citizens, shall do our best to avert it. But we have no doubt, that contest once formally joined, whether Law or No Law will prevail.

THE NEW FORCE IN FRENCH POLITICS.

IN successive weeks France and Sweden have passed through two unusually interesting General Elections. The issue was in part the same in both, and the result has some striking features in common. In both countries the salient fact before the electors was that Europe is an armed camp. The French voter had to decide whether he would acquiesce in the inordinate sacrifice imposed in the return to Three Years' Service by the last Chamber. If he desired that the struggle for power and prestige, with all that these mean to the financier and the colonial speculator, should go fatally forward with France in the front rank of the States that are forcing the pace, he knew how to vote. In Sweden, a spectator, in her quiet nook, of the follies of the greater Powers, the issue was rather whether a little State which desires only to live and let live, can so far trust herself to the public opinion of Europe as to ignore the adventurous policy and threatening armaments of Russia. The verdict is easier to read in Sweden than in France, partly because Swedish politics are fought out on a relatively high level of principle, and partly because the contest was decided under a system of proportional representation. The majority of Swedish votes has been cast quite against the increase in the period of military service demanded by the Conservatives and the King. But the striking feature of the returns is that both the extreme parties—the Socialists at one end of the scale, and the Conservatives at the other—have greatly improved their position. The Liberals, who all of them were prepared in some degree to compromise, and of whom many evaded the sharp issue altogether by equivocations and ambiguities, were crushed between the upper and the nether millstone. In France, no one dare say as yet with which side the majority lies, but this at least is clear. The reaction at one end of the long and infinitely shaded spectrum of French opinion has done surprisingly well. The Socialists, who in France as in Sweden fought a gallant and unyielding battle against militarism, have done even better. One would gladly think that in the capital struggle against the universal incubus of armaments, the movement of opinion is becoming impatient of insincerities, and is increasingly eager to affirm a resolute conviction.

After a close study of the extremely varied statistics and the still more interested commentaries which the French press offers on the results of last Sunday's first ballots, it is difficult to draw any clear inference, save that the party which M. Jaurès leads with so much courage and distinction is decidedly in the ascendant. The gains of the extreme reaction at the expense of its more modest shades are curious and interesting. They may mean that there is some truth in the talk of a Catholic revival in France; more probably they are the result chiefly of elaborate, expensive, and unscrupulous organization. They are, in any event, on so small a scale that they can hardly affect the destinies of the country. They are a faint symptom of the general sharpening and clearer definition of opinion, which is far

less evident in France than in Sweden. The Socialists register no more than a gain of four seats, or 10 per cent., on the first ballots. Their achievement must be measured in the total of votes cast for their candidates. They are approaching the German ideal of a national party. The German Socialists contest every seat; the French Socialists on this occasion felt strong enough to fight over 400 out of 591 seats. They have added over 280,000 to their total of votes, and raised it to the impressive figure of over 1,400,000. This does not indeed approach the normal German rate of increase, but it does prove both that a slow conversion of French working-class opinion is in progress, and that French Socialism is learning in some measure the German lesson of organization. Their real power in the Chamber will be known only when the results of the second ballots are decided after a fortnight of further organization and negotiation. Their prospects are said to be good in fifty-six undecided seats, and with a possible increase of twenty or thirty new members, their total representation will not fall far short of a hundred. It will be the most homogeneous and indeed the only disciplined party in the Chamber. It will have at its head the first orator of France. It can hardly fail to play, in a House packed with ambiguous groups and based on opportunist combinations, the part of an arbiter who clearly sees his way.

Is Sunday's vote favorable or unfavorable to the Three Years' Law? The "Temps," and after it our own Conservative press, have claimed the verdict for militarism. So simple an answer is certainly wrong. Only one party, with all its organized forces, opposed the measure, unanimously and officially, and that party is Socialism, which alone registers a notable growth. The Briandistes, who ought to have been carried to triumph, brilliantly led as they were and well organized, by any wave of military feeling which may be moving the middle classes, have by no means thriven. With all its unambiguous patriotism, and in spite of the personal disaster which had befallen its leading middle-class opponents, this section has not improved its position, and if the official statistics may be trusted, has even lost a seat or two. M. Briand is indeed elected, but his own majority has fallen by two thousand, and the Socialist vote against M. Millerand has doubled. Of the success of the official Radicals in just holding their own with two or three gains, one can make nothing at all. Their attitude towards the law is too hopelessly ambiguous. Those who opposed it seem to have done as well as those who supported it. If the fall of M. Caillaux (who, by the way, retains his seat) injured their prestige, it has not cost them much in votes. They stand for the solid power of the machine, the local influence of the clique which controls the expenditure of grants-in-aid, and distributes official patronage. The machine still works, and that is probably all that one can deduce. The Radicals, if events should make that course the easier, would probably prefer as a body to introduce some gradual relaxations in military service. One cannot say that the country has spoken clearly, but certainly it has not vetoed a cautious slackening of the military tension. The plain fact is that its vote is probably only remotely a political pronouncement.

Politics begin in France when the Chamber meets.

They do not take their rise in the country. What will happen depends mainly on the skill and discipline of the Socialist Party. They will have at their mercy in the second ballots a large number of opportunist Radicals who have hitherto shirked a declaration. Their strategy will be to extract definite pledges before they barter their votes. A skilful use of this power now, and an equally skilful use of their strength in the new Chamber may well enable them to secure one or two of the three capital objects which they have in view. They demand a shortening of military service and a diplomatic approach in concert with Great Britain to Germany. They will struggle to make the inevitable income-tax a democratic reality. They will endeavor to reform the whole electoral scheme, with its demoralizing system of local cliques, by a bold scheme of proportional representation. The difficulty of their task is to rally the same majority for all three ends. The "Caillautins" are their natural allies in the first and second of these three tasks, the Briandistes and the Conservatives in the last. It is too early to predict whether the course of the next Chamber will be as nerveless, as negative, as little constructive as that of the last, or whether M. Jaurès will be just strong enough to drive it forward along a clearly cut furrow. To him if to anyone that task belongs.

THE CLERGY AND THE CREEDS.

Two important petitions have this week been presented to Convocation and to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York. They show that the Church of England is on the verge of a crisis which is bound to have a momentous effect on its future as a Christian and a national institution. The first of these documents is a petition, emanating from the Low Church Party, in which they contend in diametrical opposition to their rivals, the High Churchmen, that the Episcopal system of Church government is not an essential element of the Christian Faith; is not essential to the validity of the Sacraments; is not to be imposed upon the members of the Church as an essential condition of membership. The second is of even greater importance. It is concerned not so much with Church order, which, after all, is only secondary, but with Church doctrine, which is fundamental. It is a petition to the Upper House of Canterbury Convocation, signed by many of the most eminent divinity professors and teachers at our Universities, by some of the Deans and Canons of our ancient Cathedrals, and by some of the most scholarly of the parochial clergy. The petitioners make a claim for complete intellectual freedom within the limits of the Christian spirit. They assert that critical and historical problems of the gravest importance are being forced upon the modern mind by a critical examination of the origin and contents of the Old and New Testaments, and they maintain that the clergy should be freely permitted to face the task of interpreting and re-stating the traditional doctrines of Christianity in such ways as may be demanded by newly-discovered truth. If this bold demand for intellectual liberty should be conceded or silently acquiesced in by the Episcopal authorities, it will be one of the greatest triumphs ever achieved by the liberal elements in the Church of England.

But we know from an open letter which Dr. Gore, the Bishop of Oxford, has recently addressed to his clergy, that neither the claims of the Low Churchmen nor those of the Broad or Liberal Churchmen will be admitted without a struggle which may lead to important secessions from the service of the Church. In this open letter, Bishop Gore tells the Low Churchmen in the plainest language that if they attempt to put their principles into operation in the mission field or anywhere else by recognizing the validity of non-episcopal orders, they will rend the Church in twain. According to him and his High Church or Catholic friends, no one is an authorized minister of the Christian Church who has not received ordination at the hands of a Bishop, and no one can administer the Sacrament to the believer unless he has been so ordained. He admits that the Church of England in her formularies imposes upon the clergy no obligation to hold the dogma that only Episcopal ordinations and only priestly consecrations of the eucharist are valid. But in spite of this fact, he holds that the whole coherence of the Church of England "depends on the maintenance of these severe but Catholic principles." Translated into plain language, these severe but Catholic principles mean that in the eyes of Dr. Gore, no Nonconformist minister, however eminent, however saintly, is a minister, or even necessarily a member of the Christian Church, and that the Sacraments he dispenses from time to time to the Christian people entrusted to his care are no Sacraments at all. Dr. Gore has, it is true, to apologize to those whom he describes as "his Nonconformist friends in England" for adopting this attitude towards them. He knows, as he says, that it will exasperate them. But with the sublime confidence of the typical priest in the infallibility of his own opinion, he adds, "I think this exasperation is totally unreasonable." When the historian of the future looks back upon the age in which we are now living, one of the problems which he will find it most difficult to explain to his contemporaries will be the indisputable fact that the present Liberal Government, resting as it does upon the Nonconformist vote, has, in the main, filled the Episcopal offices in the Church with men who look upon ministers of the Nonconformist faith as no ministers at all, and are, as they boast, prepared to rend their own Church in twain rather than admit it. It is no exaggeration to say that Nonconformity during the last eight years has lost a momentous opportunity of rendering services of the greatest value to Christian peace and unity. The bench of Bishops, as it is now constituted, is a hot-bed of sacerdotalism, hot enough, let us add, to make any real approach to Christian unity impracticable for years to come.

Let us now look at the attitude of the sacerdotalists, as represented by Bishop Gore, towards the claims for intellectual liberty put forward by the Broad Church clergy. To claim the intellectual liberty demanded by the present petition to the Upper House of Convocation is, he says, to adopt a position "which, looked at in the light of common morality, proves utterly unjustifiable." Bishop Gore is under the strange delusion for so able a man, that the particular views of orthodoxy which he happens to hold are at the same time the doctrines of the

Church of England. But, as Professor Percy Gardner has pointed out in a letter to the "Times," the line of orthodoxy which he draws represents nothing but his own opinions. As a matter of fact, the Church of England, in the explanation which is given of the second article of the Creed in the Church's Catechism, is much more liberal than the Bishop of Oxford. In that explanation, the emphasis is rightly laid, not on the historic statements of the Creed, but on its religious values. It appears to be the Bishop's object to reverse this process, and to make Christianity consist in a string of historic statements which may at any moment be overthrown by the march of historic research. What a feeble hold for the Christian apologist! What peril for the Christian faith! It is the contention of the eminent men who are now putting forward a plea for intellectual liberty within the Church, that the creeds of fifteen hundred years ago, while they express the substance of Christianity, express it in forms which must be interpreted with a large amount of latitude. It is only in the light of this latitude that the creeds can be repeated at all by a man acquainted with the modern conception of the world as revealed to us by science and history.

It is a curious circumstance that, while Dr. Gore calls upon Liberal Churchmen, in the name of common morality, to repeat the creeds as he understands them, he has himself departed so radically from the original meaning of these documents, that it would be difficult, on his own principles, to avoid charging him with want of candor when he stands up in church and repeats them. He admits, for example, that he throws overboard the whole cosmogony of the creeds. He rejects the scripture story of creation which is implied in the creeds, and looks upon it as what he calls a religious myth. He puts a symbolical interpretation upon the ascent into heaven, the descent into hell, the session at the right hand of God, and the resurrection of the flesh. It would be almost incredible if we did not see it before us in black and white, that the same prelate who himself indulges freely in symbolical interpretations is so blind to the weakness of his own position that he calls upon men as conscientious as himself to resign their positions in the Church because they put a symbolical interpretation upon the narratives of the infancy and the physical resurrection. Plain men will not draw the distinctions which the Bishop of Oxford presumes to draw between one kind of symbolism and another. They will simply say: "On your own principles, you have no more right to be a minister of the Church of England than the men you are now assailing."

We might afford to dismiss this ecclesiastical hair-splitting if it were merely a quarrel of the schools. But the Bishops of the Church of England are invested by the State with large executive powers, and, as one of the Divinity Professors at Cambridge has pointed out, it lies in the last resort with the Bishops to accept or reject a candidate whom these Professors have trained for the work of the ministry. A candidate who has been trained at one or other of our universities for Holy Orders on modern methods may, and undoubtedly will, find himself rejected by Bishops whose orthodoxy is framed on

Dr. Gore's lines. All the labors of a lifetime will be suddenly wasted; all the aspirations of a lifetime will be suddenly dashed to pieces. His career will be broken before it has begun. If Dr. Gore and his friends prevail, we shall have, as in the Roman Communion, a cessation of all relations between the Church and modern learning. The professors at the universities will teach one interpretation of the beliefs of the Church in the name of scholarship. The Bishops will insist upon another in the name of orthodoxy. In such circumstances, the Church, as an ancient national institution, is bound to lose its prestige, and will deserve to lose it. It is a pity that statesmen are so absorbed in the controversies of party that they have little or no time to devote to issues which go down to the roots of the national life.

THE BUDGET AND THE RATEPAYER.

THE important statement made by Mr. Herbert Samuel to the Association of Municipal Associations last week as to the very considerable relief to local rates to be given in the forthcoming Budget, confirms and emphasizes the pledges already given by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on this subject. It assures progressive municipal administrators that the local authorities are at last to be equipped with the means of fulfilling the duties which have been piled upon them by the Legislature, and of undertaking the new tasks which are essential for the health and the well-being of the communities they have to govern. In the year 1872-1873, the rates in England and Wales average 3s. 2d. in the £. In 1910-11 they averaged 5s. 4½d. During the last ten years the expenditure on education has doubled, and that on other semi-national services administered locally, has increased by nearly 25 per cent. And yet the proportion of the aggregate State contributions to the aggregate cost of local expenditure on these services is no greater than it was ten years ago. The localities are unable to perform the duties already laid upon them. But enlightened opinion is constantly calling for the imposition of new duties. Among these are the safeguarding and nurture of child life and instruction in mothercraft, the necessity for which Dr. Addison has powerfully expounded in these columns, and the more efficient education during and after the end of the school age advocated by Lord Haldane in *THE NATION* a year ago. The burden which the State has taken upon itself with regard to Health Insurance will only be found tolerable if great co-operative enterprises in preventive medicine are set to work without delay. The housing problem cannot be solved unless far-reaching transit schemes, which cannot be immediately remunerative, are undertaken by the municipalities. And yet over a great portion of the country all such schemes are absolutely impossible in the present condition of local finance. I have often said that in the towns with which I am closely acquainted, a guaranteed proposal to establish the millennium at the cost of a shilling rate would be rejected by an overwhelming majority at a poll of the owners and ratepayers under the Borough Funds Act.

Moreover, the present position is intolerable, not only because of the burdens now laid on ratepayers generally,

but because of the unequal distribution of those burdens between different localities. Districts requiring onerous expenditure on semi-national services have usually a low ratable value and, therefore, need a higher rate in the pound to pay for the same amount of service than in normal towns. And the inequality is aggravated by the present method of distributing Exchequer grants partially in proportion to ratable value. These inequalities act as a differential tax upon buildings and improvements between different localities. They thus cause a wasteful maladjustment of productive resources between different areas. They act also as a differential tax on the housing of the poor—for it is, as a rule, in districts where the poor live that ratable value is low and the rates high. Important services necessary to the efficiency of the nation are stinted in administration in poor districts. Moreover, the inequality of the rates prevents the attainment of the best area for administrative purposes. The lowness of the rates in the area outside a town, where its wealthiest citizens usually live, is a barrier to the legitimate extension of its municipal boundaries.

Sir John Kempe's Committee has made a weighty contribution to the problem by its carefully thought out proposals for the reform and extension of the present system of exchequer subventions to national services administered locally. As methods of dealing with existing expenditure, these proposals may be welcomed and accepted. But the eminent public servants who comprise the majority of the Committee have shown themselves deficient alike in the imagination necessary to realize the new tasks which the municipalities are certain to be called upon to perform, and in the constructive power necessary to devise new means of equipment for such tasks, or, indeed, for the efficient performance of existing duties now inadequately fulfilled. We may reasonably hope that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the greatest social reformer who has ever held the office of Finance Minister in any country, will take a larger view, both of national needs, and of the resources with which the localities must be furnished in order to satisfy them.

One realizes that his difficulties in dealing satisfactorily with the subject at the present moment must be very great. Any increase in national subventions in aid of local rates would be dangerous, unless it were accompanied, or immediately followed, by a reform of our rating system, which has not been overhauled for over three hundred years, which has ceased to be based on any consistent or intelligible principle, which checks production, puts a fine on improvement, rewards lethargy and sloth, alike in urban and agricultural development, and, in its actual working, gives rise to inequalities and injustices between individuals and between localities that cry aloud for remedy. Such a reform must necessarily have the result that certain ratepayers will in future contribute more to local rates than they do now, and it is, therefore, only politically practicable if undertaken at a time when the contributions of the State to local finance are being largely increased. It is only at such a time that the transition from an unsound to sound system can be effected without alterations in the fortunes of individuals, which would be morally inde-

fensible and politically fatal to the Administration that brought them about. Mr. Lloyd George, at Glasgow, in February, committed the Government to the principle of the Rating of Site Values, though he gave no indication of how that principle would be applied. The Land Values Group, the minority report of the Kempe Committee, and also the urban report of the Land Inquiry Committee, have made some suggestions as to how that principle might be applied. And here I would venture to submit that not only the recommendations of the latter committee itself, but also the two alternative schemes, both of them framed by very competent hands, in the Appendix to the rating section of their report, are worthy of study and investigation. I shall not attempt here to argue for any of these proposals. Nor is it to be expected that the Chancellor will, on Monday, indicate what the Government scheme is, even if such a scheme is yet in being. But what I think rating reformers have a right to expect is that the subventions already foreshadowed by him and by the President of the Local Government Board shall only leave the Treasury if the House of Commons passes the Rating Bill which Mr. Herbert Samuel has announced his intention of introducing. The country expects much from a statesman of Mr. Samuel's energy, resourcefulness, and economic knowledge. Owing to the incomplete state of the Finance Act Valuation, it may be impossible to bring any rating reforms his Bill may propose into actual operation during the present financial year. And, unfortunately, the Parliament Act leaves the power of the House of Lords over rating bills much larger than their power over Budgets. But I hope that it will be made perfectly clear that the State will not permanently allow any help it may be willing to give to the municipalities to pass into their coffers unless a new rating system is set up, which will redress existing grievances, supersede the present obsolete and unsatisfactory machinery of assessment and valuation, which will give to local authorities in the rating of site values a new source of revenue, and will set in motion economic forces making for better housing and for agricultural and industrial improvement.

If rating reformers wish to lay down conditions as to grants in aid, social reformers, too, have something to stipulate on the subject. The power of withholding these grants is one of the most important engines of efficiency in administration. It is earnestly to be hoped that, however numerous the compartments into which these grants are to be divided, the State will be given an overriding power to withhold or reduce other grants than those in respect of any particular service, in order to penalize or thus prevent inefficiency in any branch of local administration. A good deal of leverage is necessary to compel County Councils to fulfil their existing duties as to Small Holdings and Allotments. Similar leverage will be necessary to keep the Urban Authorities up to the mark with regard to Housing. With regard to the two former matters there are no special grants of any substantial amount, the withdrawal of which could be used for this purpose. And with regard to Housing, the mere withdrawal of such a Public Health grant as that proposed by the Kempe Committee would be quite an insufficient penalty for failure to see that adequate housing accommodation is provided for the whole of the

urban working-class population. The financial control of the State over all grants must, therefore, be definite and unchallengeable. If effect be given to all these considerations, we may confidently expect that the Budget of 1914 will send a fresh and vivifying stream into what are now the somewhat stagnant waters of municipal administration. It will thus enable those who carry on the vital but often rather thankless work of local government to address themselves with energy and hope to these beneficent tasks for the preservation, the nurture, and the enlargement of life which they will at length have adequate resources to accomplish.

E. RICHARD CROSS.

A London Diary.

No one, I think, looks for a Parliamentary, or at least a House of Commons, settlement of the Ulster question. There is no time. Parties and policies cannot be so quickly re-arranged that an acceptable series of amendments can be threshed out during the "suggestions" stage. It is probable, therefore, that no such interval will occur. Neither the Liberals nor the Irishmen want it; the Opposition do not press for it. The medium of settlement, therefore, will be "conversations" between leaders. If they fructify, their purport will probably be carried to the Bill when it reaches the Lords. It will then be necessary for the peers to reconsider their resolve, recorded by Mr. Walter Long in a much-commented speech, not to pass the Home Rule Bill, however amended. Such a design could not well hold against an agreement outside. Now, as at all times, the real arbiter on the Opposition side is Sir Edward Carson.

THERE is one factor in the Irish situation which the Opposition is apt to leave out of account, and that is the Irish-American element. I remember an excellent judge of American politics telling me that he thought this was ceasing to be a serious factor in the Home Rule problem. The Irish-American of the younger generation was losing his nationality—was, in fact, becoming Americanized. Home Rule might still interest him, but academically. In particular, the Patrick Ford type of Irish-American had almost died out, and both money and enthusiasm had flowed away from the active propagandists. A short while ago, my able informant changed his view. He found Irish-Americanism still formidable and active, and likely to make its voice heard with power as the controversy went on. My friend's second thoughts were right.

SUCH is the scepticism with which "news" from Ulster is regarded in these days, that there are still people to be found who take the "Morning Post's" view that the guns landed at Larne last Saturday may have been only dummy guns, or even entirely mythical. Not a few of the Nationalist members have persisted in the latter theory, for with all their lack of faith in one aspect of the Carson movement, those cynical observers confess to a boundless belief in its stage resources. Yet there is now, I think, little question—though a different report has been put about—that at the time when he

was so strangely shirking the Prime Minister's challenge to a vote of censure, Mr. Bonar Law had received some hint of the coming *coup*, and consequently foresaw and sought to evade the ridiculous dilemma into which he was ultimately forced. Possibly he, too, was at first among the unbelievers, or he may have nursed a dismal hope that his "mystery ship" would opportunely disappear in eclipse and storm.

BUDGET forecasts are more than usually confident this year, but I observe that in most cases the common error is made of assuming that the whole of the new expenditure to which Mr. Lloyd George stands committed will begin straight away. If that were so, the Chancellor would indeed have a heavy bill to meet, and this, on a revenue basis which to some extent must obviously be untested and experimental ground. But I imagine the probabilities are that such obligations as are to be taken over by the State from the localities will only begin to mature towards the close of the financial year—possibly in its fourth quarter.

I ALWAYS thought Mr. Barratt of "Pears" one of the most interesting personalities of our time. He was interesting, not merely in his work, but in himself; for he knew not only "business," but the soul and mind of business, and could interpret them better than anyone I ever met. I have often heard him develop most of the conclusions at which Professor Munsterberg arrived in his analysis of the art of advertising. He was indeed a thorough and able student of the habits of the average man, on which the great advertiser builds, while he always aimed a point or two above him. He was the real pioneer of the grand method of advertisement—he told me that his maximum yearly expenditure was £176,000—and he delighted to record the psychological processes by which he worked out the scheme of his most successful appeals—the "Good Morning," the baby in the bath, and the rest of them. He succeeded so well because he was far superior in taste and in the faculty of observation to the best of his rivals, and had both a scientific and an artistic side to his character.

ALL things considered, his collection of pictures was surprisingly good—apart from its special features, such as the Morland prints—and it held one or two really beautiful works, including a Bonington, some fine Constables and Mullers, and the great "Vale of Clwydd," by David Cox. He formed more than one large private collection; and was an even abler buyer for others than for himself. He was a great Londoner; probably no living man, save Sir Laurence Gomme or Mr. Burns, knew London so well. But his charm for me (apart from his extreme kindness, his princely generosity, and a certain splendor and power of character) was in the directness of his mind and the store of experience that enriched it. He knew his world intimately, and explained it delightfully. Could there be a rarer quality of mind?

I SUPPOSE after-dinner oratory has an effect in inverting or perverting the natural dispositions of men, otherwise I can hardly explain the impression made on me by the speeches, on the one hand, of Bishop Boyd-

Carpenter, and on the other, of the German Ambassador and Sir Frank Lascelles at the banquet of the British-German Friendship Committee. For the Bishop was extremely diplomatic; and the Ambassador and the ex-Ambassador were extremely frank, the latter so much so that one of his phrases greatly amused and slightly scandalized his audience. The gathering was large and very representative; and it is a sign of altered times and feelings that a Cabinet Minister was able to attend it, and that one could speak of the alarms of 1909-12 as if they belonged to a horrible but obliterated past. That is indeed true; for though one hears circumstantial tales that the Tory leaders have arranged in advance for a Navy loan of £100,000,000 when they come in, this verbal Jingoism has lost its old anti-German sting. The situation has altered; the spirit of the nation has altered; the European outlook has altered; above all, the Stock Exchange (as any frequenter of it can bear witness) has altered. The actual responsible agents on both sides—the German Ambassador here in particular—are all doing excellent work in pacification. But the great peacemakers are the spirit and the necessities of the hour.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

BEAUTY AS A COMMERCIAL LURE.

NOWHERE is suggestion more potent than in making enemies. Tell A and B that each dislikes the other, and the harm is done. Nor is it only between persons that hostility is thus set up. Broader antagonisms of taste and principle owe much of their asperity to the same malign method. A noteworthy example has been the antagonism between commerce and culture which prevailed throughout the great Victorian age, surviving even to our day. Trade was pre-eminently vulgar, its votaries were greedy, selfish, unscrupulous, and—even worse—meanly industrious. It possessed all the brutality of war without its dignity and glamor; it disgusted all finer souls alike by its materialism and its inhumanity. Popular as well as higher culture repudiated and denounced its spirit: to Cobbett and Dickens almost equally with Tennyson, Carlyle, and Ruskin, commerce was the inveterate enemy of the finer arts of life. Cowardly servility, materialistic grossness, philistinism, were chief charges in the many-headed indictment which the representatives of culture brought against the life of commerce. As our nation of manufacturers and shopkeepers grew wealthier, gained a little leisure, and began to cultivate self-consciousness, the charge that rankled deepest was that of bad taste, a blindness to the beautiful in Nature and in art. It was resented partly because it was recognized to be true, but also because this very recognition proved it partly false. But it is one thing to resent a charge of unculture, another thing to refute it.

The man who perhaps did more than any other in our time to refute the charge of national insusceptibility to beauty was himself one of the great leaders of commerce, the late Mr. Barratt, director and advertising manager for Pears soap. As the pioneer of the modern decorative poster in this country, Mr. Barratt will rightly rank as a great peacemaker, a reconciler in this long quarrel between commerce and art. No one who remembers the hideous imagery on our vacant walls forty years ago, the

brutal efforts to compel attention by assailing the senses, and compares it with the often graceful, sometimes humorous or beautiful, appeals for the same profitable ends made by modern advertisers, will question the reality of the advance. Though much may still remain to be achieved, we ought not to disparage the actual achievement. The historian of popular British taste will make as clear a distinction between the age of Barnum and Beecham (great in its own way) and that of Barratt, as between the novel in the hands of G. P. R. and that of Henry James. For Mr. Barratt's art, so wonderfully realized for all of us in "Bubbles" and a score of other master works, pictorial and literary, was based upon a union of qualities of faith, imagination, and sympathy, which express the genius of advertising. But Mr. Barratt's faith was happily linked with a profound humanity, which made him recognize that the "public" with whom he was concerned would respond to a nobler treatment than traders had hitherto accorded them. They were not, by the fault and corruption of each man's nature, lovers of evil rather than of good, of ugliness rather than of beauty, of blatant coercion rather than of gentle persuasion.

To some at first it seemed a sinister discovery that art could be utilized to turn the wheels of commerce. No good, said superior culture, could come of such a prostitution, nothing but the degradation of art herself. It has been persistently repeated that Millais was furiously indignant when he discovered the "base" use to which his "Bubbles" was dedicated. The statement is quite untrue. Millais, like Stacy Marks and other true lovers of art, did not desire for her that she should be the mistress of the fortunate few, whose "culture" involved and largely consisted in a sharp severance from the vulgar world outside. They rather felt with Ruskin that no true national art could live in such an isolated atmosphere. Since, then, we cannot cease to be a commercial nation, we must break down, as we can, the barriers between commerce and art. Nor can it be allowed that the question-begging term "disinterested" shall stay this reconciliation. Must all art be "disinterested" in the sense of hugging its own exclusive interests? Why should not beauty, humor, and the literary graces, like adventure and the disused virtues of barbarian times, be enlisted anew in the enterprise of commerce? It was this conception of commerce as a field of human, even spiritual, adventure that underlay the new trading method. It is surely no ignoble proceeding for a tradesman to accept a view of human nature based on the teaching "We needs must love the highest when we see it." Modern psychology will certainly support the comforting and elevating maxim that we win others to our ways by treating them as good and reasonable beings, perhaps a little better and more reasonable than they have been hitherto.

Mr. Barratt was not, of course, content with a vaguely empirical exploitation of a great idea. His resourceful, capacious, and delicately sympathetic mind explored, as no one else before in this country, the resources of what is now rather injuriously called "the science of advertising." We say "injuriously," for nothing can be more dangerous than to harden into the precise formulæ of a science the plastic and individual conditions of an art. For though Professor Münsterberg and others certainly have shown us that statistics and orderly analysis can furnish a serviceable groundwork for skilful advertisement, they can never dispense with the personal individual elements in that skill. Mr. Barratt, we are told, used to gather by clever questioning and induction the rough drafts of his great advertising ideas. One of the simplest and, *primâ facie*, most obvious of these

ideas was to tack on "Pears Soap" to the opening sentence of everybody's day "Good-morning—have you used —?" Obvious, indeed, but why had this most remunerative idea not been seized before? We have before us, as we write, an acute formal little treatise on "The Elementary Laws of Advertising," coming appropriately from Chicago, in which what "science" can do is better shown than we have seen it shown before. It exhibits both the virtues and the defects of the "science." So far as human nature is common, stable in conditions, and immutable in tastes and valuations—in a word, so far as it is strictly regular, it can be set in rules. The precise value of space and circulation, the respective merits of attention-getting and persuasion in the form and composition of the advertisement, can be worked out and illustrated diagrammatically. America is for clear reasons a better country than England for the advertiser who relies upon great appeals to common human nature. For advertising depends for its efficacy, in the first place, upon large masses of people with rapidly changing tastes and advancing incomes. We do not look to advertisements to instruct or confirm us in our habitual expenditure, but to advise or influence us in disposing of what may be termed the "free" elements in our income.

But if this "freedom" were strictly individual, everyone being liable to strike out for himself new ways of spending his spare cash, trade advertising could not cope with so much individuality. It is because a common environment evolves common tastes and conventional valuations, which, operating by waves of fashion and tenets of respectability, virtually compel large numbers of persons to buy similar articles at the same time, that popular advertising can be made profitable. For the profitable advertisement is one that forces and induces large numbers of buyers to sink their private tastes or preferences in order to purchase quantities of breakfast cereals, soap, motor-cycles, novels, or what not, which can be produced so cheaply on a large scale as to leave a relatively large margin of the retail price to be applied to advertising. Repetition is, of course, the main ingredient in the irrational appeal. But repetition has its recognized limits for variation. Barnum, though operating by the magnitude and reiteration of his appeals, well understood this. "Wait for Barnum!" was varied with "Wait for the Big Show!" "Barnum is Coming!" "Barnum is Here!" "The idea was always the same—the excellence of Barnum's Show compared with all others—but the form of appeal was shifted." How far education may limit and direct the future of "publicity" remains to be seen. At present its beginnings have served rather to stimulate new wants than to assist the individual reason to assert private judgment. As education advances, it is possible that both the deceptions and the purely emotional appeals of traders may give place to more distinctively informative advertisements. If a sufficient proportion of the people refuse to buy pills, pink or otherwise, because the vendor boasts their superiority, persuasion by advertisement may be reduced in its dimensions and yield place to more reliable methods of expenditure.

THAT MATHEMATICIANS ARE MEN.

CONCEIVE an elderly and dignified figure, dressed in the decorous habit of the Middle Ages, which the Scottish Universities still affect. His long white beard, his lofty forehead, his black gown, are but the appropriate insignia of his fame, for the old man was among the first mathematicians of his day, and certainly the greatest physicist of his generation in Britain, if not in Europe.

Down in the street and on clanging quays, the practical world of seamen and merchants, if it knew nothing of his glory in the realm of theory, venerated in him the author of more than one beneficent invention. It was the kindest and serenest face that you will meet in a day's walk through the great city where he taught. Numbers do not corrupt the heart when they stand as symbols of pure quantity, nor does calculation chill the brain, when it serves no sordid interest. You might take that beautiful head for an elderly St. John, dreaming on Patmos, if you should see it in a concert-room, listening to music, or in chapel, devoutly following the prayers with childlike faith. But one memory we have of it which is not at all serene. It is standing before the blackboard, and a great class of Scots students is rocking with merriment and cheering to give it whimsical encouragement. The old man is bewildered, ruffled, and just a little irritable. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," he is saying, in a tone of irresistibly comic pathos, "what is seven times six?" The plain fact was that this arch-calculator, who would toss his heaps of algebraical formulæ as a reaper tosses hay, and play with the equations of curves as a kitten plays with string, was apt to shy like a badly-trained horse, when the reasoning of some abstruse theorem required him to add or multiply. The class, when it grew accustomed to the joke, learned to count for him, while he did the reasoning. But the miracle was never stale, and to this day we do not doubt that every member of the vast army of dunces whom the great man taught, finds, with us, a subtle pleasure in recalling that Lord Kelvin did not know his multiplication table.

His case was not at all singular. We are reminded of it by some charming personal confessions in an eminently readable volume of translated essays by the greatest French mathematician of yesterday. Henri Poincaré tells us in "Science and Method" (Nelson) that he, too, was "absolutely incapable of doing an addition sum without a mistake." In this admission lies, we suspect, the psychological secret of the mathematician. In our own schooldays arithmetic was always for us a puzzle and an affliction. We came of an unpractical and uncommercial family, and the "sums" which usually related to a remote and abstract mercantile transaction, struck no centre of interest in our brain. When the class was promoted at last to analytical geometry, we recall the surprise with which we found ourselves taking a certain æsthetic pleasure in its elegant demonstrations, while schoolfellows who had seemed to us enviable prodigies in the manipulation of great totals of yards and pence, were bewildered and bored. Mathematics, for all its abstraction, is not altogether a matter of pure reason. There enters into it some emotional element. The mathematician feels in contemplating a curve which he has analyzed, something of the same delight which a musician feels in a melody. The more elaborate his combinations, the more "elegant" his solution, the vaster its generalizing sweep, the keener will his satisfaction be. There may be nothing of the sensuous in this pleasure, but it is none the less comparable with an æsthetic satisfaction. His interest is centred in the search for combinations which will bring him this elaborate joy. The simpler operations of mathematics have long since lost this interest for him. The multiplication table may have been in the remote past of the race, perhaps, the most stupendous and valuable of mathematical generalizations, but it has long since lost the emotional magic that it may have had for primitive man. The minds which are "quick at arithmetic," are usually the minds alert to its limited practical uses.

M. Poincaré goes on to take us behind the scenes,

and enables us to assist at the process of mathematical discovery. It is a commonplace that the mental operations of the creative artist are largely sub-conscious. A melody floats into the brain of a composer from nowhere; we should doubt if anyone save a modern Futurist (or must we call him a Bruitist?) composes quite consciously. A lyric will sometimes write itself, as Coleridge wrote "Kubla Khan," in a dream. A large part of original mathematical work, it seems, is done in the same way. M. Poincaré relates how he reached his famous theory of the Fuchsian functions. (Let no reader take alarm. We only dimly recall the sort of thing which a Fuchsian function is; its recondite nature has no necessary bearing on this anecdote.) He set out to prove that there could be no function analogous to the Fuchsian functions, worked for a fortnight without result, and then, in one evening, under the excitement of strong black coffee, established in an hour of illumination the existence of one class of them. Some time later, after having consciously pursued a fruitless line of inquiry, in the middle of a geological excursion, while talking of other things, in the momentary pause while he stepped into a carriage, a wholly new idea for which nothing in his conscious thought had prepared him, suddenly flashed upon him. It came with an unusual sense of certainty and pleasure, and when conscious elaborate verification was possible at home, it proved to be a useful and illuminating combination. He worked out the idea at leisure, and in full consciousness, but one class of the Theta-Fuchsian series still evaded his analysis, and baffled all his deliberate strategy. How to deal with this last difficulty was "revealed" to him, as it were, some time later. He was doing his military service, had dropped his mathematical studies, and was busied with other things, when the long and vainly sought solution flashed across his mind, as he was idly crossing the street. It came with a conciseness, a suddenness, and an immediate certainty which he had learned by now to welcome and to trust.

The fact seems to be that mathematical discoveries are commonly made in this way. Study begins with a protracted and fruitless period of conscious effort. The mind labors down by-ways, eliminates false clues, explores the difficulties, but does not, while it labors, happen upon the fortunate analogy or combination which yields a fruitful hypothesis. That seems to be due to unconscious work, and conscious effort is called in again only to elaborate, to apply, and, above all, to test and verify the gift of the "sub-conscious self." How are we to conceive the process that went on beneath the "threshold" of consciousness? It is gratuitous to suppose that it was anything magical or unlike conscious thought. The "subliminal" self must have worked away in the darkness, screened from the shifting light of attention, forming on its own account endless combinations that led to no result. The combination which in the end forced its way over the threshold of consciousness was the fruitful, the useful combination. It was, in other words, the combination which excited the typical emotion of the mathematician. It roused æsthetic pleasure by its "elegance," and forthwith rushed into the world of consciousness with that sense of joyful certainty and illumination which M. Poincaré describes.

There is, in all this, nothing unusual, nothing which distinguishes creative "genius" from the working of ordinary minds. The genius in this case lay probably mainly in the greater capacity for the peculiar intellectual emotion which is satisfied by the contemplation of mathematical system. A mind which loves and desires that joy will be quick at mathematics, as a mind greedy for gain will be clever at reckoning the profits of a stock-exchange speculation. It may be difficult to

say exactly how a result achieved by an unconscious process forces its way into consciousness. But it is a matter of observation that any appeal to the dominant interest of a mind will serve to effect the transition. A sleeping mother (and in sleep one supposes that the sub-conscious self is still active), whose senses will refuse to be aroused by any ordinary stimulus, is wakened by the least movement of her baby. Psychologists have a stock anecdote about a naval officer who could be awakened by one word only, however lightly whispered, and that word was "signal." We have known a cat, deaf to ordinary conversation, who would uncurl and stretch himself from the deepest sleep at the word "fish." The case of the cat and the case of the mathematician are, with all respect, "on all fours." The uninteresting, the emotionally valueless mental operation, the solution that would not work, remained below the level of consciousness, like the meaningless words which failed to rouse the cat. The fruitful, the successful, the emotionally significant solution rushed into the light. For the rest, we are apt to be startled by the irresistible evidence that the mind works, and works hard, unconsciously, only because we are under the dominion of misleading metaphors about more vulgar processes. We think of memory as something passive. We delude ourselves with notions of a storehouse and a garner in which past acquisitions are laid away. We fancy that we forget passively, much as we suppose that colors fade from a stuff exposed to the sun. The fact is, we suspect, that the dunce, who just contrives to retain a lively understanding of the *Pons Asinorum*, is working with his sub-conscious mind about as hard as M. Poincaré worked to solve the problem of the Fuchsian functions. Forgetting, in its turn, is a beneficently active process, by which the irrelevant and the worthless stuff of experience is sorted away under the activity of those same dominant interests which play their part in discovery. It is, on the whole, a relief to find that the psychology of mathematicians is not as peculiar and recondite as their pleasures. A being who can leap for joy under the immediate certainty that "arithmetical transformations of indefinite ternary quadratic forms are identical with those of non-Euclidian geometry," might well have turned out to be more or less than human. When Lord Kelvin forgot the answer to seven times six, we felt that he had become, somehow, more brotherly and more neighborly. It results from M. Poincaré's confessions that mathematicians are men.

THE ELVER SWARM.

It is a beautiful evening on the bank of the Severn, where the river is as wide and as noble as the Thames at Greenwich. The sun marks his passage to the underworld with a long, broad orange bar above the purple slopes of the Forest of Dean, and the world, instead of going to sleep, throws more and more people from the scattered riverside villages, who come as though for moonlight parade, and deploy in extended formation along the bank. Everyone comes with a long-handled scoop on his or her shoulder, a pole with a cradle at the end, of canvas stretched over three or four stout osiers, one of the most gracefully designed of all engines of capture, and for a mile or two the outer bend of the river is dotted at intervals of a few yards with these common miracles of art. The sea is about to give our Gloucestershire folk its annual harvest of millions or billions of eel-fry.

Far down the river there is a swelling, crackling roar, like the scrape of shingle when a wave is dragging; but this, though it swells and sinks, continues without

pause for minutes and tens of minutes, and advances upon us like the roar of a very slow train. At last it throws a dark line across the river far down towards the sea, and we see sand-banks suddenly swallowed up, till at our feet, in about the time for counting one, two, three, the flowing river checks dead, a wave runs up-stream, and the water has risen by several feet. It is merely the way in which the flood-tide comes into our peculiar river. The bore is a very small one to-night, for we are some days short of the spring tide, but on any night the coming of the flood into this river is an impressive thing for a stranger to see and hear. It marks like a striking clock the time for everyone to take up his elver scoop, and push it into the river like a churchwarden's collecting-box for what the gods will send. Perhaps, after a dip of some two minutes, we strain out only a dozen or so wriggling, translucent snakes, as earnest or false promise of an army to follow. Perhaps there is great resistance, and a hand must be slid down the pole to get a short purchase within the scoop, then it comes up full of elvers, a very bushel of them. We have not seen such a take, but those who claim to have done so speak of the overflow wriggling all over one's arm before they fortunately drop back into the tide. Within eye-shot there may have been a hundred nets dipped at once, within close scrutiny, three or four, a fair sample of all the rest. A young girl who finds it hard to hold her scoop against the tide gets only twenty or thirty elvers, her up-river neighbor throws perhaps two hundred into the pail behind him, and the down-river man, better stationed over a bank of just the right slope, gets a heaving, wriggling mass that weighs fully a pound.

For a thousand years, no doubt, Severn-siders have taken this unsown harvest with very little question of whence it comes. The Gloucester men, avers someone, lumping them all together as we do Athenians or Bostonians, say that an elver's an elver and an eel's an eel; that if we don't catch the elvers nobody can say what becomes of them. They are here to-day and gone to-morrow, and that is an end of it. We know better about this mysterious manna just here, because the Germans, who have proved it all by growing elvers into eels, have told us. All the eels of Northern Europe go to the sea for their spawning, and will lay their eggs nowhere else than somewhere off the Atlantic slope, with five hundred yards of sea above them, and an abyss of twice as many fathoms beneath. Here, rocked in a cradle that must be a very safe one, the little eels live more than twelve months, passing from the shape of a flatfish with a very small head into that of a very thin glass snake six or seven inches long. Then they come in, out of the deep sea into the hundred-fathom line, over the half-deeps and the shallows, through a perpetual gauntlet of hungry enemies, up the blue-water channel and into the salt mouths of rivers, then as the tide will lift them, a bit at a time between ebbs, but at last up and up by all kinds of trickles and by overland routes, till every pond and mountain tarn worthy of an eel may have one. And in the tideway, where the files are massed into millions for distribution at the far-flung front, "we catches 'em."

Nobody knows the mind of this flood of elvers, though it is evidently a single instinct somehow controlled by the weather. Up to a certain point in the river it seems quite dependent on the tide. Between two spring floods the host remains stationary, perhaps in the sand, perhaps drifting up and then back again. We know them for elvers of the last flood by the fact that they are not quite transparent, but have darkened a little in the fresh water. They are said to run with the tide, and the instant it fails, to drop to the bottom again,

though often they will upset all prophecies by running with the ebb or against it. At last, a throb of ocean lifts them just over a certain sand-spit at Longney Point, and from that place they take up the habit of running all day and all night long. The river is like a river of thrums or locks of Mænad hair, and the elvers seem to roll up-stream in bunches rather than as a swarm of millions of units. But it is every man for himself now; no more drifting at the caprice of tides, but a charge in the face of the river that nothing can stop. They thread out of a fisherman's bag like needles, fall on the floor, and immediately begin climbing the walls or the stairs. Bedrooms may know them, and even roofs, if the cry of "Excelsior" falsely points them in that direction. How each brook captures its contingent who shall say; how it is decided which shall stay in the tidal flats and which steering for a mountain tarn that does not exist shall shrivel on bare limestone?

The Germans are here to repair error. From every river of the North Sea the mother eels went to the spawning-ground, but the swarm of young sets in, more or less according to the varying sea-currents, mainly towards Ireland and the Bristol Channel. Possibly we get no more than our own elvers, and it is the further thousand miles of sea-journey that reduces the German and Scandinavian contingents almost to nil. At any rate, the Severn is glutted. When twenty thousand people have eaten fried elvers, sackfuls are thrown away. Pigs fatten on them, hens eat them and make their eggs uneatable for fishiness, gardens are manured, and still the swarm flows on. So, at great pains, a few millions of the elvers are conducted by train to Grimsby, by ship to Hamburg, and thence in parcels to the many fishery associations of Germany. It is the German demand that makes the fishers at this part of the Severn so numerous, for it buys absolutely fresh elvers at several times the price that the fish-dealers will give.

Let us view this new stream of migration. In a room of the inn that has been made into a fishery station sits a man with a strainer held over a foot-bath, and as soon as the elvers are definitely running there forms at the door a queue of boys and girls who have run there with buckets as their elders have filled them. One after another, the strainer takes them, the spring-balance weighs them and they pass to the tanks. One pound, two pounds, five pounds the catches run, for the Germans like them in small parcels, and for each the bringer gets a cheque cashable at sight at the rate of fivepence a pound. In a week, a single family may thus earn seventy or eighty shillings; in an hour from the opening of the "shop" the 500 pounds wanted on this particular evening are obtained and the melancholy news flies round that the shop is closed. Thereafter, though the stances are beautified and made fish-attractive with a great crescent of lanterns from Longney to Arlingham, it is only with the prospect just now of getting a little more than a half-penny a pound. There are twelve hundred elvers in the pound and one thousand pounds of them go to Germany this week. Some three hundred pounds will go to Denmark, and Norway has just awakened to the situation so far as to send over a special commissioner who secured a consignment of ten pounds. It will be seen that Norway thus gets a mere fourteen thousand elvers, while Imperial Germany takes in a single week nearly a million and a half. She does not take so large a stream during every one of the eight or ten weeks that the fishing is open, but she contrives to enrich the rivers of the Fatherland with about seven million elvers that, but for the establishment of this new line of migration, would have perished in the Severn. What the millions are that come here to be

eaten of birds and fish and men and apparently wasted in Nature's lavish sowing of this one river and its tributaries must, perhaps, remain unguessed.

Short Studies.

STUDIES OF EXTRAVAGANCE.*

II.—THE PLAIN MAN.

HE was plain. It was his great quality. Others might have graces, subtleties, originality, fire, and charm; they had not his plainness. It was that which made him so important, not only in his country's estimation, but in his own. For he felt that nothing was more valuable to the world than for a man to have no doubts, and no fancies, but to be quite plain about everything. And the knowledge that he was looked up to by the press, the pulpit, and the politician sustained him in the daily perfecting of that unique personality which he shared with all other plain men. In an age which bred so much that was freakish and peculiar, to know that there was always himself with his sane and plain outlook to fall back on, was an extraordinary comfort to him. He knew that he could rely on his own judgment, and never scrupled to give it to a public which never tired of asking for it.

In literary matters especially was it sought for, as invaluable. Whether he had read an author or not, he knew what to think of him. For he had in his time unwittingly lighted on books before he knew what he was doing; they served him as fixed stars for ever after; so that if he heard any writer spoken of as "advanced," "erotic," "socialistic," "morbid," "pessimistic," "tragic," or what not unpleasant—he knew exactly what he was like, and thereafter only read him by accident. He liked a healthy tale, preferably of love or of adventure (of detective stories he was, perhaps, fondest), and insisted upon a happy ending, for, as he very justly said, there was plenty of unhappiness in life without gratuitously adding to it, and as to "ideas," he could get all he wanted and to spare, from the papers. He deplored altogether the bad habit that literature seemed to have of seeking out situations which explored the recesses of the human spirit or of the human institution. As a plain man he felt this to be unnecessary. He himself was not conscious of having these recesses, or perhaps too conscious, knowing that if he once began to look, there would be no end to it; nor would he admit the use of staring through the plain surface of society's arrangements. To do so, he thought, greatly endangered, if it did not altogether destroy those simple faculties which men required for the fulfilment of the plain duties of everyday life, such as: item, the acquisition and investment of money; item, the attendance at church, and maintenance of religious faith; item, the control of wife and children; item, the serenity of nerves and digestion; item, contentment with things as they were.

For there was just that difference between him and all those of whom he strongly disapproved, that whereas they wanted to see things as they were—he wanted to keep things as they were. But he would not for a moment have admitted this little difference to be sound, since his instinct told him that he himself saw things as they were better than ever did such cranky people. If a human being had got to get into spiritual fixes, as those fellows seemed to want one to believe, then certainly the whole unpleasant matter should be put into poetry, and properly removed from comprehension. "And, anyway," he would say, "in real life, I shall know it fast enough when I get there, and I'm not going to waste my time nosin' it over beforehand." His view of literary, and, indeed, all art, was that it should help him to be cheerful. And he would make a really extraordinary outcry if amongst a hundred cheerful plays and novels he inadvertently came across one that was tragic. At once he would write to the papers to complain of the gloomy tone of modern literature; and the papers, with few exceptions, would echo his cry, because he was the

* No individual has posed for any of these caricatures.

plain man, and took them in. "What on earth," he would remark, "is the good of showin' me a lot of sordid sufferin'? It doesn't make me any happier. Besides"—he would add—"it isn't art. The function of art is beauty." Someone had told him this, and he was very emphatic on the point, going religiously to any show where there was a great deal of light and color. The shapes of women pleased him, too, up to a point. But he knew where to stop; for he felt himself, as it were, the real censor of morals in this country. When the plain man was shocked it was time to suppress the entertainment, whether play, dance, or novel. Something told him that he, beyond all other men, knew what was good for his wife and children. He often meditated on that question coming in to the City from his house in Surrey; for in the train he used to see men reading novels, and this stimulated his imagination. Essentially a believer in liberty, like every Englishman, he was only for putting down a thing when it offended his own taste. In speaking with his friends on this subject, he would express himself thus: "These fellows talk awful skittles. Any plain man knows what's too hot and what isn't. All this tosh about art, and all that, is beside the point. The question simply is: Would you take your wife and daughters? If not, there's an end of it, and it ought to be suppressed." And he would think of his own daughters, very nice, and would feel sure. Not that he did not himself like a "full-blooded" book, as he called it, provided it had the right moral and religious tone. Indeed, a certain kind of fiction which abounded in "the heaving of her lovely bosom" often struck him pink, as he hesitated to express it; but there was never in such masterpieces of emotion any nasty subversiveness, or wrongheaded idealisms, but frequently the opposite.

Though it was in relation to literature and drama, perhaps, that his quality of plainness was most valuable, he felt the importance of it, too, in regard to politics. When they had all done "messaging about," he knew that they would come to him, because, after all, there he was, a plain man wanting nothing but his plain rights, not in the least concerned with the future, and Utopia, and all that, but putting things to a plain touchstone: "How will it affect me?" and forming his plain conclusions one way or the other. He felt, above all things, each new penny of the income-tax before they put it on, and saw to it if possible that they did not. He was extraordinarily plain about that, and about national defence, which instinct told him should be kept up to the mark at all costs. There must be ways, he felt, of doing the latter without having recourse to the income-tax, and he was prepared to turn out any Government that went on lines unjust to the plainest principles of property. In matters of national honor he was even plainer, for he never went into the merits of the question, knowing, as a simple Englishman, that England must be right; or that, if not right, it would never do to say she wasn't. So conversant were statesmen and the press of this sound attitude of his mind, that, without waiting to ascertain it, they acted on it with the utmost confidence.

In regard to social reform, while recognizing, of course, the need for it, he felt that, in practice, one should do just as much as was absolutely necessary and no more; a plain man did not go out of his way to make quixotic efforts, but neither did he sit upon a boiler till he was blown up.

In the matter of religion he regarded his position as the only sound one, for however little in these days one could believe and all that, yet, as a plain man, he did not for a moment refuse to go to church and say he was a Christian; on the contrary, he was rather more particular about it than formerly, since when a spirit has departed, one must be very careful of the body, lest it fall to pieces. He continued, therefore, to be a Churchman—living, as has been said before, in Surrey.

He often spoke of science, medical or not, and it was his plain opinion that these fellows all had an axe to grind; for his part he only believed in them just in so far as they benefited a plain man. The latest sanitary system, the best forms of locomotion and communication, the newest antiseptics, and time-saving machines—of all these, of course, he made full use; but as to the

researches, speculations, and theories of scientists—to speak plainly, they were, he thought, "pretty good rot."

He abominated the word "humanitarian." No plain man wanted to inflict suffering, especially on himself. He would be the last person to inflict suffering, but the plain facts of life must be considered, and convenience and property duly safeguarded. He wrote to the papers perhaps more often on this subject than any other, and was gratified to read in their leading articles continual allusion to himself. "The plain man is not prepared to run the risks which a sentimental treatment of this subject would undoubtedly involve;" "After all, it is to the plain man that we must go for the sanity and common sense of this matter." For he had no dread in life like that of being called a sentimentalist. If an instance of cruelty came under his own eyes he was as much moved as any man, and took immediate steps to manifest his disapproval. To act thus on his feelings was not at all his idea of being sentimental. But what he could not stand was making a fuss about cruelties, as people called them, which had not actually come under his own plain vision; to feel indignant in regard to such he felt *was* sentimental, involving as it did an exercise of his imagination, than which there was nothing he distrusted more. Some deep instinct no doubt informed him perpetually that if he felt anything, other than what disturbed him personally at first hand, he would suffer unnecessarily, and perhaps be encouraging such public action as might diminish his comfort. But he was no alarmist, and, on the whole, felt pretty sure that while he was there, with his plain views, there was no chance of anything being done that would cause him any serious inconvenience.

On the woman's question generally he had long made his position plain. He would move when the majority moved, and not before. And he expected all plain men (and women—if there were any, which he sometimes doubted) to act in the same way. In this policy he felt instinctively, rather than consciously, that there was no risk. No one—at least, no one that mattered, no plain, solid person—would move until he did, and he would not, of course, move until they did; in this way there was a perfectly plain position. And it was an extraordinary gratification to him to feel, from the tone of politicians, the pulpit, and the press, that he had the country with him. He often said to his wife: "One thing's plain to me; we shall never have the suffrage till the country wants it." But he rarely discussed the question with other women, having observed that many of them could not keep their tempers when he gave them his plain view of the matter.

He was sometimes at a loss to think what on earth they would do without him on juries, of which he was usually elected foreman. And he never failed to listen with pleasure to the words that never failed to be spoken to him: "As plain men, gentlemen, you will at once see how improbable in every particular is the argument of my friend." That he was valued in precisely the same way by both sides and ultimately by the judge filled him sometimes with a modest feeling that only a plain man was of any value whatever, certainly that he was the only kind of man who had any sort of judgment.

He often wondered what the country would do without him; into what abysmal trouble she would get in her politics, her art, her law, and her religion. It seemed to him that he alone stood between her and manifold destructions. How many times had he not seen her reeling in her cups and sophistries, and beckoning to him to save her! And had he ever failed her, with his simple philosophy of a plain man: "Follow me, and the rest will follow itself"! Never! As witness the veneration in which he saw that he was held every time he opened a paper, attended the performance of a play, heard a sermon, or listened to a speech. Some day he meant to sit for his portrait, believing that this was due from him to posterity; and now and then he would look into the glass to fortify his resolution. What he saw there always gave him secret pleasure. Here was a face that he knew he could trust, and even in a way admire. Nothing brilliant, showy, eccentric, soul-

ful; nothing rugged, devotional, profound, or fiery; not even anything proud, or stubborn; no betrayal of kindness, sympathy, or aspiration; but just simple, solid lines, a fresh color, and sensible, rather prominent eyes—just the face that he would have expected and desired, the face of a plain man.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

The Drama.

I.—MR. LAWRENCE'S TRAGEDY.

"The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd." By D. H. Lawrence.
(Duckworth. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE great talent of Mr. D. H. Lawrence has now and then gone astray, but it is an actual and a powerful gift, and in "The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd," it returns to the rude, rich soil in which it was grown. Give it some generous flowers and fruitage, and it ought to spring up not only stoutly and truly, but into a splendor of imaginative thought. This three-act drama is not far from such a realization. The defect of our modern dramatists is the flatness and dryness of their work. They are full of propositions and statements; of dramatic schemes and conventional attitudes; but of life, the knowledge of which is so passionately sought by all men, and so sternly withheld from most of them, they have little enough. No such want of feeling, of the breath and genius of humanity, belongs to Mr. Lawrence's best work. He was born, says the introduction to this play, in a coal miner's cottage in the Midlands, and he rose from it into teaching colliers' boys, and thence to Nottingham Training College and literature. What he has written about miners may be not all true in proportion, any more than "Germinal" is true. But it is certainly true to the writer's temper and observation. Shall I say that it errs on the side of hardness, and that the story of the British miner's life during the last hundred years, as all the world knows it, shows it to be richer in emotional power than Mr. Lawrence would sometimes have us believe? I cannot say; those who do not know miners intimately are penetrated with the merely picturesque view of them as a class of people equally addicted to hymns and bull-pups, so that the full influence of their work on their character, and the true stature of their humanity, are barely realized. At least, I make no such complaint of "The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd." It is full of what we call "atmosphere." It is no mere record of events; rather, what is recorded are the movements of character and feeling that the events call out. The play is thus truly spiritual; and what looks quite small and sordid broadens out into a noble stream of emotion. The subject is the common trouble of an ill-assorted or inadequate marriage, in which an average man marries an above-the-average woman, and pays and makes her pay for it. Take this as a problem of middle-class existence, and you can imagine half-a-dozen ingenious and interesting solutions of it. Transfer it to a miner's cottage, and it would be hard to name a contemporary writer in whose hands it would possess any meaning at all. Mr. Lawrence not only gives it dignity and the tragic vesture, but he pictures the strain of suffering, the emotions of pride and sensuality, the deep alienation of one heart from another, the shock of calamity, and the following bitterness of remorse, with a power of interpretation which places him very high among contemporary artists.

His play begins horribly, with the report of the miner's children of their father's "goings on" at the inn with the women "in paper bonnets," made to the mother in the presence of the man who is wholly in love with her and with whom she is half in love. It goes on to a coarse, strong scene, in which the wife, the half-drunk husband, and the two "trollops," brazening it out in the miner's home, wring the proud, silent woman's heart, and almost fling her

into her lover's arms. There is not a word of fine writing in the dialogue. The men and women talk as miners and miners' women talk; with no literary intervention that suggests that the author has any deliberate plan or theory of style, outside its governing idea of truthful presentation. Great as is this restraint, it is wealth rather than deficiency of color which his method suggests. Every character is deeply human; the animal husband—in whom the wife sees "just his body and nothing else"—his half-defiant, half-timid sensuality, and his dumb longing for a reconciliation with his proud mate, far above him in character, refinement, intellect; the vulgar "trollops" from Nottingham; old Mrs. Holroyd, a truly epic picture of motherhood, harsh but understanding to her daughter-in-law, melting, but understanding, too, to her son; and, finally, the wife herself, splendidly unsuited to her mate, and yet with a touch of frailty in the fabric of her pride. But the great point of Mr. Lawrence's play is the way in which its author turns round its machinery from the gross but serious comedy of the Second Act to the tragic conclusion of the Third. Next day Holroyd, waking sullen and miserable from his debauch, and lingering alone in the seam, is caught in a fall of earth, and brought back to his cottage, "in his pit dirt," dead. Death revises all judgments. Wife and mother join hands over the foolish, handsome clay, and as they lay it out for burial, mourn over its beauty, and the soul that once tenanted it. The wife is all forgiveness—Why had she not loved him more? Why had life been so cruel to him and her?—the mother all reminiscence of the lad's youth and his manly vigor. What a toll had been taken of her love, and of the love of all workmen's mothers!

"GRANDMOTHER (*wailing*). . . . An' one of my sons they've burned down pit till the flesh dropped off 'im, an' one was shot till 'is shoulder was all of a mosh, an' they brought 'em 'ome to me. An' now there's this. . . ."

Give this eternal grief of womanhood the setting of Greek tragedy, and you at once connect such drama as Mr. Lawrence's with the masterpieces on which all later workmanship must build. Be the materials as simple, the scene as squalid, as they may, this essential power of ennobling life is the veritable stamp of great artistry. Most of our writers fear to evoke it; either they have seen too little of life's realities, or its broad facts escape them in the play of intellectual subtleties in whose mesh most of us moderns are caught. Powerful, therefore, is the appeal of a dramatist who stands for these elementals, and dares to traffic in them. But let my readers judge for themselves, and take the close of the play for an example of what tragic writing should be, divested of all but the aim to lay bare the truer and greater, and therefore the tenderer, secrets of the heart:—

"GRANDMOTHER.—If he hadn't time to make his peace with the Lord, I've no hopes of him. Dear o' me, dear o' me! Is there another bit of flannel anywhere?" (Mrs. Holroyd rises and brings a piece. The Grandmother begins to wash the breast of the dead man.)

"GRANDMOTHER.—Well, I hope you'll be true to his children at least, Lizzie. (Mrs. Holroyd weeps—the old woman continues her washing). Eh—and he's fair as a lily. Did you ever see a man with a whiter skin—and flesh as fine as the driven snow. . . . Oh! Lizzie."

"MRS. HOLROYD (*sitting up, startled*).—What—what?"

"GRANDMOTHER.—Look at his poor hand!" (She holds up the right hand. The nails are bloody.)

"MRS. HOLROYD.—Oh, no! Oh, no! No!" (Both women weep.)

"GRANDMOTHER (*after awhile*).—We maun get on, Lizzie."

"MRS. HOLROYD (*sitting up*).—I can't touch his hands."

"GRANDMOTHER.—But I'm his mother—there's nothing I couldn't do for him."

"MRS. HOLROYD.—I don't care—I don't care."

"GRANDMOTHER.—Prithee, prithee, Lizzie. I don't want thee goin' off, Lizzie."

"MRS. HOLROYD (*moaning*).—Oh! what shall I do?"

"GRANDMOTHER.—Why, go thee an' get his feet washed. He's setting stiff, and how shall we get him

laid out?" [Mrs. Holroyd, sobbing, goes, kneels at the miner's feet, and begins pulling off the great boots.]

"GRANDMOTHER.—There's hardly a mark on him. Eh, what a man he is! I've had some fine sons, Lizzie; I've had some big men of sons."

"Mrs. HOLROYD.—He was always a lot whiter than me. And he used to chaff me."

"GRANDMOTHER.—But his poor hands! I used to thank God for my children, but they're rods o' trouble, Lizzie, they are. Unfasten his belt, child. We mun get his things off soon, or else we s'll have such a job."

[Mrs. Holroyd, having dragged off the boots, rises. She is weeping.]

[CURTAIN.]

I suppose that Mr. Lawrence did not write this drama for the stage. I can imagine the mechanical difficulties, and the extreme demand on the actors' equipment which the presentment of its ending involves. But I know nothing on the modern stage quite comparable with such work as "The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd," and I should like to see the Stage Society attempt it. It has the grand air, for it comes from the grand world.

H. W. M.

II.—A UNIVERSITY PERFORMANCE OF "BRAND."

IBSEN had little to do with Universities; and though he once, as a young man, passed the examination for intending apothecaries at Christiania, no less academic mind ever expressed itself in drama. But there are some special reasons why a University, and particularly why University students, should have to do with him. The eternal spirit of youth, pitting itself against the institutions and moralities of fossilized tradition—that, without very grave extravagance, might be described as the fundamental theme of the Ibsenian drama; and this theme is wrought out with an intensity which he never surpassed, and a dazzling exuberance which he never elsewhere approached, in the great dramatic poem of "Brand," the most vital portions of which were played by members of the Stage Society of the Manchester University, on Thursday and Friday of last week.

"Brand" was not written for the stage, and its length—about twice that of Shakespeare's longest play—would in itself exclude it from such of the regular theatres as have not at their disposal the amazing *Sitzfähigkeit* of a German or a Scandinavian audience. The Manchester Committee, daring as it was, shrank from a performance of seven hours, and yet more from one divided between successive evenings. To meet the case, an acting version was undertaken by the author of the translation, which detached the story of Brand and Agnes from the subsidiary scenes, making a continuous play of about the normal Shakespearean length, culminating in, and closing with, the great tragic climax of the fourth act. The experiment was bold, and the particular arrangement adopted could doubtless be improved by a less severe excision of the racy vernacular scenes, which, in the original, relieve the harrowing course of the central tragedy. But it is something that scenes of so much poignant beauty as the close of the third act, of so much picturesque vivacity as the opening of the second, should at length have been seen—for the first time, we believe, in the original measures—on an English stage.

The Manchester Stage Society was fortunate in having at its disposal for the supreme parts of Brand and Agnes, two amateurs of remarkable gifts. And "Brand" is one of those dramas in which the gifted amateur, in profound sympathy with his rôle, may at least hold his own with the professional actor. The "spiritual athlete" who comes to bury the worn-out God of a mechanic and servile society, and to proclaim his own God—"young, like Hercules," and full of the creative energy of youth—such a figure is not easily accommodated to the instincts of the Green-room, and its ideal nobility and simplicity may well be more readily seized by those who have not to divest themselves, for the purpose, of ingrained professional artifices—a process itself inevitably artificial, and apt to lead to the simplicity of baldness rather than to that of *naïveté*.

"Brand" as a whole it is, at present, neither possible nor perhaps desirable to attempt to produce here, well known as it is in several German and Scandinavian cities. But last week's performances left the conviction on some who before were sceptical, that it holds within it, capable without too much detriment of being disengaged, a tragic drama of extraordinary potency, unlike any other to which the English playgoer now has access.

X.

Communications.

THE COCOA SLAVERY—THE CASE ESTABLISHED.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The publication of a White Book last week on "Contract Labor in Portuguese West Africa" marks a stage—almost the final stage—in a long and bitter controversy. At last, all that some of us have said about the slavery in Angola and the two Cocoa Islands of San Thomé and Principe is confirmed officially. No one can question or go back upon it now. It is ten years next autumn since I started upon my journey of investigation. It is eight years since I published my report. It was met with polite or venomous incredulity. Interested people, both in Portugal and this country, Switzerland, and France, poured upon me every kind of abuse. They began by doubting my existence. They called me "the myth Nevins-son." They said I had never been near Angola. Then they turned to slander, calumny, and threats of violence. All this everyone must expect who attacks an enormous and wealthy abomination. What I did not expect was the superior scorn of people whose interests were not directly involved. "Are you the author of these very unpleasant articles?" "Did you write that purple report?—ha, ha!" "Do you want us to reduce these wealthy islands to a wilderness again, on your bare word?" "Would you have us police the world wherever you find slavery?" Those were the questions put me by Government officials to whom I represented the duty of enforcing British treaties. And to all these questions I replied in official language that the answer was in the affirmative. But nothing happened.

I had understated the truth, as I habitually do. But the story seemed so terrible (it was before the Putumayo days), and the cocoa supply was so lucrative, that hardly anyone believed what I said. For a long time the late Mr. Fox Bourne, of the Aborigines Protection Society, was the only public man who stirred. Gradually, confirmation began to come in. My friend, Mr. Joseph Burt, returned from a similar investigation, during which he had telegraphed to the English cocoa firms that my report was below the reality. Mr. William Cadbury went out himself, and, to their honour, our three greatest cocoa manufacturers agreed to boycott the slave-tainted produce. Led by Mr. Swan, the Angolan missionaries gave their evidence. In the trial, "Cadbury v. 'The Standard,'" the facts as given in my report, "A Modern Slavery," were accepted by both sides. And, finally, Mr. John Harris, one of the Anti-Slavery Society's secretaries, was sent out, and brought back the account he has embodied in "Dawn in Darkest Africa" and "Portuguese Slavery."

The Anti-Slavery Society then appointed a special Angolan committee, with Mr. St. Loe Strachey as chairman. But for the Society's persistence, and its obstinate representations to the Foreign Office, I think nothing would have been done, and the slaves would have remained exactly in the condition in which I found them—brought in gangs down to the mainland coast, fettered at night, murdered if they could not march, sold at a definite price, shipped to the islands at about 4,000 a year (latterly 6,000), and kept to labor there, without exception, till they died. The Foreign Office moved slowly. A Consul needs exceptional courage to expose a vast system of established iniquity among the people with whom he has to live. Every inducement is offered him to minimize it or to hold his tongue. Then there are the diplomatic difficulties, especially the difficulty of telling an allied Government that its excellent regulations have no influence whatever upon reality. I suppose all

officials feel bound to believe that official decrees are of some value, and that when a Government declares the slave-trade illegal, and all slaves liberated, the trade ceases and slaves are free. So lately as February last year, the Foreign Office published a White Book in which all the old excuses for slavery cropped up again, and at the end slavery was declared non-existent because everyone was legally free. The same might have been said any time since 1875, when Portugal formally abolished slavery; but acting for the Foreign Office on January 31st, 1913, Sir Eyre Crowe wrote to the Anti-Slavery Society:—

"His Majesty's Government cannot pledge themselves to call upon the Portuguese Government to repatriate at once some 30,000 laborers, even if some of those laborers were originally recruited by force or fraud; these laborers are not now in a condition of slavery in which manumission comes into question; they are people who have been brought to the island, some, it may be, originally against their own wish, but are now legally free, and all the evidence shows that they are generally well-treated and are gradually being repatriated, while it is very far indeed from clear that they would benefit by being forcibly sent back to their original homes or that they desire to go there."

In last week's White Book, how great is the change! You must forgive the personal note in this record, for we who have so long been distrusted and calumniated now enjoy a moment of triumph. I think the change is due to the actual knowledge which our consuls have at last obtained, and to the unusual courage of some of them in revealing it. Among others, one should mention Mr. Robert Smallbones, whom Sir Edward Grey specially commends for his work in examining the method of recontracting and repatriation on San Thomé. He went round the plantations with the Portuguese Curador (Superintendent of the "Serviçaes"), who appears also to have been an honorable and courageous man. In some plantations he found evidences of flogging and other cruelty; but the chief point is that, whether well treated or badly, the one thought of nearly all the laborers was to be sent home. Hardly any accepted a new contract, except under intimidation. All were filled with the African's passion for home. One paralyzed woman demanded to be sent. Another, whose legs had been amputated below the knee, "insisted on hobbling on her hideous stumps to her native country"; and a man who had also lost both legs "cheerfully faced the perils of the journey clinging to the back of a sturdy friend." It was the same all through. Their one longing was to go. "At least we can die at home," they said. Many rushed off to the port at once, believing the ship was waiting for them, and some were dragged back under armed guards to the scene of their long slavery.

Speaking of the "tongas," or slave children born to slaves upon the islands, Mr. Smallbones writes: "The parents of these people never have had the chance of being repatriated up to now." That settles my contention that when I was there no slave had ever gone back. But, indeed, one paragraph in a letter from Mr. Smallbones to Sir Edward Grey, dated April 29th, 1913, is a summary of the chief points in my report. Writing of repatriation as being then loyally carried out, he adds:—

"I venture to think that this is only the paying-off of a debt long overdue. From what I have been able to gather, all the 'serviçaes' I have now seen were bought in the province of Angola; their original contract was a sham, and the renewed contracts were a farce. I have made this statement many a time to those who should be the first to repudiate it—the representatives of the planters who benefited by this system and those of the Government who had tolerated it—and I regret to say that its correctness was never denied. The expired contracts I have seen were all deliberate untruths, as far as they stated that the 'serviçal' had appeared before the Curador and had freely declared his intention to enter into an engagement with his employer. Nothing of the kind happened. . . . The 'serviçal' never even heard that he was supposed to have made a new contract."

The purchase from the mainland, the sham contract, the farce of renewed contract, the refusal to repatriate—those were the points that we who fought this evil always insisted upon. After our persistent exposure, something has now been done. During the last four or five years, about 4,500 slaves have actually been repatriated. It has been proved

that nearly all the slaves long to return, and nearly all can find their way from the coast if they are given the "bonus" due from their wages. The methods of recruitment are now better regulated, and, one may hope, better carried out. It is something. Eight years ago I could not hope to see so much. But a great deal remains. The official estimate of "serviçaes" on the two islands is now 38,000. Of these, probably about 30,000 have completed their contract and are only kept on because the planters interpose delays. The authorities talk of insufficient ship-room; but, on their own showing, in Portuguese ships alone, there is room for 1,000 and more a month. Within three years all should be sent home. Repatriation needs continual vigilance. So do recruitment and the payment of the "bonus." To maintain this vigilance Sir Edward Grey has asked Portugal to give facilities to a new British Consul-General for the West Coast, enabling him "to acquaint himself with the conditions under which the laborers work and are repatriated." After some demur at appearing to give a foreign official control or jurisdiction in Portuguese territory, Senhor Macieira, the Foreign Minister, has agreed to grant facilities, provided the Consul-General "confines himself to behaving as a private individual, who is anxious to acquire knowledge." The reports thus composed, Senhor Macieira observes, "would demonstrate the inaccuracy of the charges brought against the Portuguese authorities by the Anti-Slavery Society and others." It is a pretty parting shot, but it falls harmless. The White Book demonstrates our accuracy.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

April 28th, 1914.

Letters to the Editor.

THE FEARS OF ULSTER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Please allow me to reply to the Rev. Mr. Dundas. I know your space is valuable, and I shall be as brief as possible.

(1) His quotation from the Rev. Gerald Nolan is most misleading, the context is totally disregarded, and a meaning is conveyed which the lecturer never intended. Catholic ideals in a Catholic country were advocated, and non-Catholics were not referred to or thought of. Seemingly Mr. Dundas objects to us thinking and acting as Catholics.

(2) The Temere is described as declaring "that persons legally married according to the laws of the United Kingdom are not married at all," &c. This is glaringly false. In the decree the Church legislated for her own children only, and says to them, in effect: If you wish to get married, whether to one of your own creed or another creed, you must be married by your parish priest, or some one on his behalf. The Catholic Church doesn't interfere with the marriages of baptised persons by other Churches. She recognizes same, and if these married persons join the Catholic Church, they are not remarried. If "legal marriage" is the last word, according to Mr. Dundas, how is it that the law recognizes marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and his Church looks upon it as incest?

(3) It is a well-known maxim of Roman Canon law, the Rev. Mr. Dundas says, that "an oath taken against ecclesiastical interests does not bind." It is evident that the quotation is second-hand, the very reference is not correct. I have for many years taken an interest as a layman in controversial matters, and I can undertake to set the reverend gentleman right. Before me lies a Collection of the Councils of the Church—a ten volume folio. The Canon in question is the 16th. It will show how much Mr. Dundas knows about it when I say that the Canon is disciplinary only. No tenet of faith is laid down. Here is the Canon. (If Mr. Dundas so desires, I will send him the original Latin.)

"Since in all Churches that which has seemed good to the majority and to the elder brethren should without delay be observed, it is a very grave matter, and worthy of reprehension that a few men of certain Churches should oftentimes oppose the administration, not so much for reason as of their own wilfulness, and not permit the ecclesiastical administration to go forward. Wherefore by the present decree we

determine that unless something reasonable has been shown; by the small number and the inferiors, that, always shall prevail and attain its effect, which by the greater and senior part of the Chapter shall have been appointed. And let it not hinder our Constitution, though someone, perchance, shall say that he is bound by oath to conserve the usages of his Church; for they are not to be called oaths, but rather perjuries, which are contrary to ecclesiastical utility and to the institutes of the Holy Fathers. If he presume to despise usages of this kind, which are supported by reason, and are conformable to the sacred institutes, let him be separated from the participation of the Body of the Lord until he shall have done penance."—"Concilia Generalia et Provincialis." Edited by Benius. Section VII., pt. 2, p. 660. Paris, 1636.)

Such is the entire Canon. It is concerned only with Cathedral Chapters, and settles how they shall be governed in matters of ecclesiastical administration—i.e., by majority rule. Let me assume a case. Mr. Dundas is a rector near Lurgan. Say that in Lurgan there is a Cathedral Chapter, and that years ago, with the approval of the majority, it enacted certain regulations touching Church affairs, adapted to the existing times, and for their better observance the Chapter swore to abide by them. New circumstances, however, and new exigencies arise; the regulations are no longer suitable; they are (as the Canon puts it) "contrary to ecclesiastical utility," and the Chapter wished to alter them. Is the minority to oppose, and for no better reason than this: "We bound ourselves by oath to observe them," regardless of the fact that all such oaths imply an obvious condition as to change? Also, that as it was the majority that applied the oath in the first instance, it can now change it? The authority that imposes an oath can remove the obligation. It is absurd, even ridiculous, to quote the 16th Canon, dealing as it does with Cathedral Chapters, to prove that pledges entered into with regard to Home Rule can be broken on Catholic principles.

(4) Mr. Dundas also asserts that Roman Canon law teaches that "no one is obliged to keep faith with excommunicated persons until they have been reconciled." He is wrong again, even in his reference. There are only 5 capita (these are just numbered paragraphs) to Question VI. of the 15th Canon. The passage in question forms the heading of C.V., and is as follows: "Before they are reconciled no one is compelled to keep fealty to excommunicates." The remainder of the short chapter is made up of merely the following, which is part of a letter of Urban II. to a certain Bishop:—

"Prohibit the sworn soldiers from serving Count Hugo as long as he is excommunicated, who if they pretend oaths let them be admonished that it behoves to serve God rather than man. For the fealty which they swore to a Christian prince they are constrained by no authority to pay to one opposing God and His saints, and trampling upon their precepts."

Let it be clearly noted that Chapters III., IV., and V. are concerned with the *juramentum fidelitatis*, or "oath of fealty"—i.e., of a subject to his prince—and with nothing else, with no other kind of oath. The only fidelity treated of is the feudal fealty. Now it was a recognized principle of the mixed jurisprudence of the feudal ages (and therefore as such, it cannot be quarrelled with by anybody now) that heretical or excommunicated rulers lost all title to obedience from their subjects, the Pope, as the recognized Father of Christendom, having the decision of the Mother. When the feudal system came to an end, the people decided for themselves when to cast off their allegiance. The feudal system is dead, and one might as well apply to the present day the provisions of antiquated Acts of Parliament as those bits of Canon law framed often for particular localities and under circumstances long since changed.

To prevent misconception I may add that it is not Catholic doctrine that you may not keep faith with, or an oath to, a heretic or excommunicated person. I speak now of oaths at large, not of an oath of fealty in feudal times. "Heretic" and "excommunicated person" are not proper descriptions of Protestants, the vast majority of whom are not heretics in the theological sense at all. But even if they were heretics in the strongest sense of the word, our obligation as to oaths made to them would remain. The religious faith of a person with whom the engagement or promise is made cannot in any degree affect the obligation of the promise.

I can give absolutely conclusive proof, if necessary, from the Pope down. Regard for space alone precludes me just now. Might I respectfully suggest to Mr. Dundas to read No. 68 of the Ecclesiastical Canons and Constitutions of his Church, where it is enacted that persons excommunicated by his Church shall neither be baptised nor buried in a Christian manner; and Article 33 enacts that an excommunicate shall be treated as a heathen "until he be openly reconciled by penance, and received into the Church." Perhaps this is what has misled him, or maybe he was thinking of Dopping, Protestant Bishop of Meath, who urged in a public sermon the breach of the Treaty of Limerick on the principle that no faith was to be kept with Catholics.

Colonel Grimshaw Haywood pointed out that the Irish Parliament will be precluded from legislating on religious matters. Mr. Dundas's reply is that Catholics cannot be depended upon. Assume he is correct. Does this dispose of the Protestant Privy Council of England and a Protestant King, without whose signature no Act can become law? Mr. Dundas's logic may do for the fanatics of Ulster; it won't deceive your readers. They and you can form some idea of the miserable pabulum on which the poor deluded dupes of Ulster are fed, and fed by those who, instead of preaching the Gospel, inculcate doctrines of mistrust and ill-will.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH P. O'KANE.

Ballycastle, Co. Antrim,

THE HOME RULE BILL AND ULSTER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—THE NATION of the 11th ult. declined to regard the offer of exclusion for six years as dead, and expressed the hope that it will be accepted in some form.

If, fortunately, this hope is realized, what will occur after the six years of exclusion? Ulster will come in, but it is practically impossible that she can come in without fresh legislation by the Imperial Parliament, regulating the complex details of inclusion. Anyone who has had experience as a lawyer, a legislator, or an administrator of statutes will admit so much. An Act originally framed for a united Ireland, then contorted out of recognition on a hundred points, as it must be, to meet exclusion, and subsequently subjected to the developments in administration and interpretation that befel every great measure, cannot at this stage be worded with such prophetic and elaborate accuracy as to enable Ulster to walk in, or to be dragged in, without further ceremony six years hence.

Assuming this view to be correct, will it involve any sacrifice beyond the great sacrifice already offered, to provide that when six years have passed Ulster shall be included, "under and subject to such regulations as may be laid down at or after the expiration of that period by Act of Parliament?" No doubt this will give a new opportunity of resisting inclusion. But one of the inducements held out by Mr. Asquith to Ulster is that she is morally certain to have such an opportunity within the period. Again, if it is correct to anticipate the necessity of fresh legislation in order to make inclusion practicable, that opportunity will come, whether one likes it or not. It may be said that the details of inclusion could be regulated by Orders in Council, or by a Commission. But we in Ireland have had quite enough of Orders in Council and regulations of Commissioners, gravely stated by Chief Secretaries to be final and irreformable. Neither Northerners nor Southerners will hand over the power of "regulating" Home Rule to bodies irresponsibly chosen and responsible to no authority on the face of the earth.

English and Scottish Unionists ought to bear in mind what is well-known to all parties in Ireland, that if immediate inclusion involves a risk, absolute exclusion involves the certainty of civil war. Peace cannot last when two communities with adverse traditions exasperated by the present conflict, and still more by formal dismemberment, are exposed to friction by contiguity, by intermixture, and by inevitable disputes about administration. Conflicts between such neighbors, one already in arms, the other ready to take up arms and very capable of using them, will assuredly ripen into civil war. A prospect or indication of future union may keep the peace, because each party will

be reminded by it that it may hereafter be associated with the other.

No one really loves exclusion in any form. But events have contributed to place the National Party in a very difficult position. When County Government was given, Parliament supplemented it by a Central Council for the discussion of local government questions. Northern Unionists, under the late Duke of Abercorn, agreed to attend it, apparently in the expectation that politics would be kept out. After some time notice of motion was one day given in favor of Home Rule. Objection was raised, the Northern leader and his friends left, and the united meetings fell through. Had they been continued, common interests must have led to united action, asperities would have been smoothed, the value of domestic management would have been seen, and possibly long before this day a measure of self-government useful, if not complete and capable of development, would have been agreed on. The fiasco embittered Unionist feeling and has no doubt been an element in the present crisis. Again, the abandonment of the land policy of 1903 has unquestionably increased the hostility of the remaining landlords, a numerous body, to Home Rule. These and other unfortunate incidents have intensified opposition and helped to enforce on the National Party the acceptance of exclusion in a modified form.

It is a question whether any concession, even permanent exclusion, would stay opposition to the Bill. There are forces behind Sir Edward Carson determined to kill it if they can. And therefore there is the greater reason why Home Rulers should keep themselves right with public opinion by making every reasonable and practicable concession, especially one which appears to be virtually implied in the concession they have already been driven to offer.—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD O'SHAUGHNESSY.

8, Palmerston Park, Dublin.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am a reader of THE NATION from the beginning, and have always admired its broad-mindedness, independence, and courage. But of late, your way of discussing the Ulster question rather jars on me. You seem to think that all people and all voters in Great Britain who are not for forcing Ulster into the Home Rule scheme are of no account as compared with the Liberals and Radicals who would coerce the Protestants of the North. Surely, it is undemocratic to deny the right of opinion to your opponents. You seem to imply that the people of England are all on one side. You seem to forget that, taking England by itself, a large majority of its people and Members of Parliament are anti-Home Rule. Even a lord is entitled to his opinions, and in counting heads, his head should count as much as the head of his gardener. Of course, "there are millions of men and women in Britain who would," as you say "wildly applaud the issue of warrants against the whole pack of self-confessed traitors, from Sir Edward Carson downwards." But are there not also millions of men and women who think differently? Are those on one side only to be considered "the people"?

It seems, if we are to decide the question "democratically," that those parts of Ireland that want Home Rule should get it, and those parts that vigorously object to it should not have it forced on them. It is no answer to say that Ireland must not be divided. Why not? Is the land to be considered rather than the human beings on it? The way in which politicians advocate coercion against those who do not think with them has made me doubt party politics. I have always been a strong Liberal and Home Ruler, but I cannot approve of the new methods of turning one's back on old principles.—Yours, &c.,

EQUALITY.

April 29th, 1914.

[We are not in favor of applying coercion to Ulster. But the Government do not propose to use this weapon, if any Ulster county desires exemption from it. The trouble is that, concession or no concession, the appeal to violence and the use of violence go on as if a tyrannical act were about to be committed when reasonable men know that it is not in contemplation.—ED., THE NATION.]

L'ON N'EST PAS PLUS NAÏF.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There are a couple of French sayings in one's mind: one, about this cruel animal, a Government which plots to resist when attacked; and the other, M. Jourdain's complaint as a Covenanter about not being given time to strike his particular sort of a blow first—*et tu n'as pas patience que je pare*.—Yours, &c.,

W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

Cork, April 28th, 1914.

THE NEW CIVIL SERVICE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Although there are many modifications of an important character which Second Division clerks will make every effort to secure before the proposals of the Royal Commissioners are put into force, there are some matters of outstanding interest which call for discussion.

The case which we presented to the Royal Commission combined an attack on patronage and the barrier between the First and Second Divisions. As regards the former point, the Commissioners appear to have been sufficiently impressed by the evidence submitted to them to recommend the institution of a variety of safeguards against future abuse, and they have recommended the abolition of the Examiner system in the Board of Education, where a large higher staff has been recruited entirely by patronage.

On the question of the barrier between the First and Second Division, the Report of the Commissioners presents a curious contrast. From the evidence of academic representatives and of witnesses of administrative and Ministerial experience, they draw the conclusion that the best University training develops administrative capacity. On the other hand, the Report sets forth a remarkable list of defects in the management of the Civil Service, for which the Treasury, recruited from the top men in the First Division Examination, must be held responsible.

It is true that the type of witness I have mentioned speaks in strong terms of the development of administrative capacity by University education; but it must be remembered that most of these witnesses have themselves been educated at a University, and their evidence cannot be regarded as wholly free from bias. Moreover, in spite of the attempt made by the Commissioners to quote the evidence of business men in support of the same conclusion, it seems inconceivable that anyone could read the whole of that particular section of the evidence without realizing that, however pious may have been their opinions, the facts of their experience told a very different tale.

But the following section from the Report forms the most effective criticism of the administrative capacity of the university-trained management of the Civil Service: "Of these defects, the most important have been the want of co-ordination between methods of recruitment by examination and the changing educational system of the country, as illustrated, in particular, by the age limits and subjects of examination used in recruiting the large body of Second Division clerks; the introduction of new grades of public servants without full consideration of effects on the general system; the absence of any considered principles governing the recruitment and employment of women in the various departments; the 'blind-alley' form taken by the employment of boys; the methods adopted in certain departments for making professional or semi-professional appointments; and the effect of the Treasury Circular of December 11th, 1899, in preventing, in certain cases, promotions which would have increased the efficiency of the Service."

The last defect is perhaps the most remarkable example of the handiwork of the Treasury; for, under the circular referred to, clerks who have been promoted to the First Division have frequently been penalized by substantial decreases in their annual salary.

In view of this very practical tribute to the administrative capacity of the Treasury and Civil Service Commissioners, who, acting together, could have obviated every one of these defects, it is not surprising that the Commission has recommended a radical alteration in the control of the Civil Service. These defects have been, in most cases, the cause of the keenest discontent in the Service, and

apparently the Commission realizes this, for it states that, if "Service administration is to be equable and prescient," the controlling authority must possess a "knowledge of men, of official practice, and of Service capacities, feelings, and aspirations."

If this is to be secured, the vague wording of the recommendations with regard to the constitution of the new authority must unquestionably be interpreted as requiring that it shall in itself represent the rank-and-file of the Service. And, further, if the confidence of the Service is to be gained, it is most important that the new body shall be, as Sir Kenneth Muir Mackenzie stipulates, independent of the Treasury, and responsible direct to a Minister, subject only, as in the case of any other department, to the financial control of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his department.

If the Prime Minister can be induced thus to alter the whole control of the Civil Service, a great step forward will have been taken.—Yours, &c.,

F. H. NORMAN.

(Organizing Secretary of the Second Division
Clerks' Association.)

16, Courthope Road, Hampstead, N.W.

April 22nd, 1914.

THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF MODERN ART.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The writer of the genial review of my "Reminiscences," in your issue of the 18th, touches on a subject of some interest, and, in dealing with it, he makes an assumption which seems to require justification, or at least explanation. I refer to his remarks on what he calls "Victorian Art," and his comparisons between this and the "vital movements of to-day." Let me say that it is the subject itself, and not any personal aspect of it, that interests me. I do not in the least resent any criticism of my work implied in the writer's view, and should consider it very poor taste to quarrel with such criticism, especially in view of the very sympathetic character of the review as a whole. The view which I should like explained is contained in the following passage: "Among the younger artists, the kind of art (Victorian) is hardly a tradition now. . . . The vital movements of to-day are running in violent reaction against (it)"; and the next sentence, which quotes my condemnation of Post-Impressionism and Futurism, shows that those are the "vital movements" referred to. This passage implies that art in the Victorian Age had got into a sort of rut, out of which the younger artists (especially the two classes above mentioned) are lifting it.

What I am curious to know is, what is that "kind of art" that "tradition," from which the Futurists, &c., are rescuing us? I look back and recall the names of some of the artists who were undoubtedly popular in the Victorian Age and have left their mark upon it—Frith (the last of the old *genre* school), Holman Hunt, Whistler, Burne-Jones, Tadema, Watts, Sargent.

I am, apparently, expected to admit that these painters all got into an academic groove; that Holman Hunt meekly followed Frith; Whistler was an imitator of Hunt; Burne-Jones a disciple of Whistler; and (to cut the matter short) that Tadema, Watts, and Sargent are hardly distinguishable from one another or from the other four, while it is our business to consign the whole crew, whose work is "hardly a tradition," to some art-limbo, and turn to the Futurists as our saviors.

Your reviewer says: "Art cannot stop; the moment it rests and repeats itself, or imitates the past, it dies." I quite agree; that is my own thesis, and much of the book under review is a long protest against orthodoxy, and a welcome to innovators. Art is subject to the eternal law of evolution; but if so, it is always arising by gradual steps out of its past, not being violently sundered from it; and I know no fallacy more pernicious than that which treats all the noble work of the past as old-fashioned. Our business is to emulate, not to copy; but if we decry all that is genuine and cut ourselves adrift from it, we fight against the natural law of all healthy growth and true evolution.

We have a "shocking example" in the Futurists. Here are a few extracts from their manifesto of 1912:—

"We wish to glorify War, the only health-giver of the world . . . the destructive arm of the Anarchist . . . and contempt for woman. We launch this manifesto of violence, destructive and incendiary, by which we this day found Futurism."

"Come then the good incendiaries! Set fire to the shelves of the libraries! . . . Flood the cellars of the museums! Oh! may the glorious canvases drift helplessly! . . . Injustice, strong and healthy, will burst forth radiantly. For art can be nought but violence, cruelty, and injustice. . . . Look at us! Our heart does not feel the slightest weariness! For it is fed with fire, hatred, and speed."

There is plenty more of this drunken raving, and their pictures (!) are worthy of it. The reviewer resents my describing it as "brainless hooliganism that does not call for criticism," and ascribes my view to "irritation" at seeing "the rebellion against himself and his old comrades." But can he, or anyone else, find a more accurate description of the above passages. The strange thing is that some people seem to think that, though disordered, it is part of a striving after something new. But what is there new about it? Take the first words about war and women. Love of slaughter and contempt of women mark the oldest and most degraded forms of savagery, and I am afraid "violence, hatred, and injustice" are not quite new either.

But though I should not have considered such stuff worth a passing notice, it may serve to illustrate the Nemesis which follows the attempt to overthrow all the ennobling work of the past, instead of rising from it, if possible, to greater heights. These blusterers have rattled into barbarism, in the depths of which they are floundering, a laughing-stock to those who take any notice of them.

"Irritation" would be a feeble word to express what I should feel if this were a "vital movement." Happily, it is not. A few young men who cannot draw or paint are of no importance, and neither "younger artists" nor older ones trouble themselves about their comic antics.

In a later manifesto, these modest young men have abolished Shakespeare and Goethe, Beethoven and Wagner, Michael Angelo and Rodin, so "I and my old comrades" will find some good company in limbo. Our saviors have a plentiful lack of humor.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY HOLIDAY.

Oak-tree House, Hampstead, N.W.

April 27th, 1914.

MR. ASQUITH AND MR. BONAR LAW.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—As one of the leading organs of the Liberal Party, we feel sure that, following the example of the "Times," you will show us your customary courtesy in allowing room in your columns for the expression of slightly adverse political views. As "students of Bonar Law psychology," we have read with considerable interest your paragraph dealing with that gentleman in *THE NATION* of April 25th, 1914. We have also, in our perplexity, referred to the presumably reliable account in the "Times" of Wednesday, April 22nd, of proceedings in the House of Commons on Tuesday, April 21st, in order to ascertain for ourselves what was Mr. Bonar Law's behavior. Having done so, we are bound to say we cannot find any such "wilful intention to affront the decencies" as you mention. We have before us as we write, the calm, courteous request of the Leader of the Opposition for a judicial inquiry, by which alone the facts so diversely represented by the Prime Minister, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and Mr. McKenna can be ascertained. We feel sure the majority of right-thinking people of both parties would be glad to know Mr. Asquith had cleared himself, and we cannot but wonder at the anxiety of the Radical press that the Opposition should take the opportunity of the day for discussion offered by the Prime Minister, to move a vote of censure on him instead of the proposed inquiry, in the course of which we hope some solid explanation of his various dubious statements would be discovered, and his innocence thereby firmly established. Surely the truth should be ascertained before steps are taken to censure the persons involved. The attitude of the Prime Minister, however, towards this very fair demand, was such as to leave Mr. Bonar Law no other course than to present his charges immediately, and, in accordance with the Prime Minister's

request, in the House of Commons. Here again, we find no language used by the Leader of the Opposition which could be described as either vulgar or insulting—merely a grave indictment of the Government, couched in terms which, unlike many of the utterances of Liberal politicians, cannot give rise to misunderstanding or prevarication. Unequivocal as these terms were, it might well be said that the Prime Minister's "mental and moral density" (I quote your paragraph) was such that the indictment had to be repeated and pressed several times by Mr. Bonar Law, before, apparently, Mr. Asquith grasped the fact that it had been made at all. Throughout the dialogue, Mr. Law's attitude was remarkable for its dignity and self-control, and we find it was Mr. Asquith who leapt to his feet, and Mr. Asquith who banged and thumped despatch boxes. As to your correspondent's mention of Mr. Law's "sudden pallor," without wishing to make offensive allusions with regard to a statesman in whose veracity we would willingly believe, we would refer to writer to the "Agricola" of Tacitus, Chapter XLV.—"Quum denotandis tot hominum palloribus sufficeret saevus ille vultus et rubor, quo se contra pudorem muniebat," and implore him, since he so strongly resents "insulting language" (which we cannot find in the speeches of Mr. Law) on the part of his political opponents, not to indulge himself in a personal remark, as revolting as we believe it to be untrue.—Yours, &c.,

April 25th, 1914.

ISA M. D. ROBERTSON.
CECIL E. D. HERIZ-SMITH.

THE DANGER IN THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE ADMINISTRATION BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I venture to ask you to give publicity to some very serious defects in the Criminal Justice Administration Bill, which is at present in its Committee stage? This Bill, nobody will deny, contains one or two excellent provisions, but under cover of these, Mr. McKenna is endeavoring to smuggle through other clauses which constitute a most dangerous attack on the rights and liberties of the subject. It is imperative that public attention should be immediately drawn to this fact, and that those Members of Parliament who have any regard for our English tradition of liberty should insist on the drastic amendment of the Bill in Committee; failing which, they should vote against it on the third reading. For instance, Clause 4 provides that a person who is sentenced to pay a fine may be searched by order of the court, and any money found on him may be taken in payment—or part payment—of the fine. Distrainment may also be made upon the prisoner's goods, the alternative of imprisonment being refused.

Clause 13 provides that persons sentenced to a term of imprisonment not exceeding four days may be detained in the police cells, instead of a prison. Those of us who have any experience of police cells know them to be, as a rule, entirely unfit for the detention of prisoners, not merely for a few days, but even for a few hours. In the majority of cases they are dark, unventilated, and insanitary. They are often verminous. The prisoner is under constant supervision of the police, who often enter the cell three or four times in the night, ostensibly for the purpose of preventing suicide. Objectionable as the practice is in the case of men prisoners, it is almost unbearable in the case of women, as, generally, there is no matron or woman attendant on the premises during the night.

Clause 14 gives police magistrates power to deal with damages up to £20, instead of £5 as at present, thus abolishing trial by jury in most cases of damage.

Clause 17, Section 6, gives the Home Secretary power to have a surgical operation performed upon a prisoner without his consent. This practically gives the Home Secretary absolute power over a prisoner. To most people, the idea that a Government official should possess absolute power over anyone is a horrible one, even were it certain that such power would never, under any circumstances, be improperly used. But it is obvious that this clause, if carried, may lead to very serious abuses.—Yours, &c.,

BARBARA AYRTON GOULD.
(Hon. Sec., United Suffragists.)

3, Adam Street, Strand.

[We have received other letters of protest on this grave subject.—ED., THE NATION.]

THE HEALTH OF THE CHILD.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In Dr. Addison's interesting article on "The Child Under School Age," he says: "The work of a child-clinic would be limited to the treatment of minor ailments, and especially to those which could be remedied or prevented by attention to feeding, clothing, sleep, and general hygiene."

There can be no doubt that the vast majority of the minor ailments occurring among infants are caused by defective nutrition; a well-nourished, healthy infant can protect itself from a host of minor ailments. It is not quite clear what Dr. Addison means by minor ailments, or whether we are supposed to supply cough mixtures, ointments, and various other remedies at our infant consultations. If he thinks these drugs should be supplied, then we shall at once come into competition with the many existing agencies whose duty it is to treat disease.

At the present moment, schools for mothers and infant consultations are the only institutions whose sole object it is to prevent disease, and it seems a pity to add to their work, and, at the same time, to engender hostile feelings amongst other institutions who are willing to treat these cases. Up to the present time, I have not found any great difficulty in getting cases treated. There is no doubt that in some areas a reorganization of existing institutions is required, so as to make them more easy of access. For instance, in North Kensington it would certainly be an advantage to the mothers if the dispensary were to move from Church Street to some place nearer the dwellings of the poor. In certain districts where no facilities exist, and the people are too poor to pay doctors' fees, a treatment centre could be started, financed by the municipality, and the general practitioners of the neighborhood could attend to the minor ailments requiring drugs or small operations.

This problem cannot be dissociated from the idea of a possible extension of the Insurance Act to women and children. It would be well at present not to enlist the services of any new agency for the treatment of children, but rather to make some provisional arrangement with the general practitioner who is intimately acquainted with the life and conditions of the people.

I think, in London at any rate, the medical officer of health should control the work; but the notes that we take would no doubt be helpful to the education authority.

I hope the voluntary associations, who have been the pioneers in this work, will not object to a little inspection. It would be advisable for us all to work together, and a Government Department can, of course, insist on a certain standard of efficiency all round, and will no doubt be instrumental in starting new centres.—Yours, &c.,

RONALD CARTER.

Kensington, April 29th, 1914.

Poetry.

ALTHOUGH THE SEASON OF THY LIFE DECLINE.

ALTHOUGH the season of thy life decline,
And this thy body show her wintry night,
These spring-time suns will grant perpetual light,
Nor ever coldly on the lily shine,
Nor ever coldly on this flesh of thine:
Earth's children take no unreturning flight,
Yearly the primrose hails thy yearning sight,
Yearly each hedge restores the eglantine.

And though thy brain and body tire and fail,
And though Death make a harvest of thy dears,
And hang his sickle near thy door by night,—
Before thee then new mercies will unveil,
New hands, full of old kindness, stay thy tears,
New eyes console thee with the old love-light.

EDITH ANNE STEWART.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Passing of the Great Reform Bill." By J. R. M. Butler. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Memories of My Youth (1844-1865)." By George Haven Putnam. (Putnam. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "The Ulster Scot: His History and Religion." By Rev. J. B. Woodburn. (Allenson. 5s. net.)
- "The Working Faith of a Liberal Theologian." By T. Rhondda Williams. (Williams & Norgate. 5s. net.)
- "English Church Life, from the Restoration to the Tractarian Movement." By J. Wickham Legg. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "The Progress of Eugenics." By C. W. Saleeby. (Cassell. 5s. net.)
- "The Art of Spiritual Harmony." By Wassily Kandinsky. Translated by M. F. H. Sadler. (Constable. 6s. net.)
- "The Berry Papers." By Lewis Melville. (Lane. 20s. net.)
- "Highways and Byways in Shakespeare's Country." By W. H. Hutton. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)
- "Hunting and Hunters in the Belgian Congo." By R. D. Cooper. (Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Vagabonds in Périgord." By H. H. Bashford. (Constable. 4s. 6d. net.)
- "Eight Years in Germany." By I. A. R. Wylie. (Mills & Boon. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "The House in Demetrius Road." By J. D. Beresford. (Heinemann. 6s.)
- "Waiting." By Gerald O'Donovan. (Macmillan. 6s.)
- "Portraits et Discussions." Par Pierre Lasserre. (Paris: Mercure de France. 3fr. 60.)
- "Les Idées Politiques des Physiocrates." Par Léon Cheinisse. (Paris: Rousseau. 5fr.)
- "L'Agonie de l'Aigle." Roman. Par François de Nion. (Paris: Flammarion. 3fr. 50.)
- "Ulrich von Hutten." Von Otto Clemen. (Leipzig: Insel Verlag. M. 12.)
- "Deutschland als Kolonialmacht." (Berlin: Verlag Kameradschaft. M. 8.)

WE understand that Mr. George Moore is at present engaged on a novel which will develop the theme of his play, "The Apostle." He has just returned from Palestine, where he has spent some time in an Essene monastery with a view to studying the environment on the spot. It may be remembered that Holman Hunt made a similar pilgrimage before painting his "Light of the World." But Hunt made the mistake of painting into his picture a cactus which, though now common in Palestine, has only been introduced there within modern times.

MR. ROBERT LYND is about to publish a collection of essays through Messrs. Mills & Boon which have for title "The Book of Absurdities." Some notion of its contents may be gathered from the subjects of a few of the essays which include "The Sin of Dancing," "Humors of Murder," "Spring Fashions," "Good Resolutions," and "The Decline and Fall of Hell."

MR. GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM'S "Memories of My Youth," issued this week by Messrs. Putnam, will be followed by "Memories of a Publisher" which will complete the author's autobiography. Mr. Putnam was born in London, and his memories are associated with Hampstead and St. John's Wood as well as with the American Civil War. Among the publishers with whom he has been associated were the first John Murray, Lamb's Moxon, Bentley, the elder Longmans, and Thackeray's friend, George Smith, to whom we owe the great "Dictionary of National Biography."

A FANTASY by Mr. W. D. Howells, to be called "The Seen and Unseen at Stratford-on-Avon," will be published shortly by Messrs. Harper. It tells how the author met Shakspeare at the Shakspeare Festival, and of a discussion between Shakspeare and Bacon about the authorship of the plays. Shakspeare chuckles over some of his youthful escapades, and gives many glimpses of the jovial times in which he lived.

AMONG the books to come from Messrs. Methuen next week is one by Miss Rotha Clay on the decidedly unhackneyed subject of "The Hermits and Anchorites of

England." It treats of their mode of life, and the services which they rendered by the upkeep of roads, the building and maintenance of lighthouses, as well as by teaching and promoting literary activity.

LIBRARIES are the temples of the world of books, and others beside Oxford men will find a good deal to interest them in Mr. Strickland Gibson's "Some Oxford Libraries," recently published by the Clarendon Press. It is intended for "those who wish to learn more about the older Oxford Libraries than may be gathered from books of reference and guide-books," and it is a store-house of information about those ancient buildings and their contents. Mr. Gibson complains more than once of the misfortune that has fallen upon some of the old libraries in Oxford, such as Balliol and Magdalen, whose fate it was to have been refitted in the nineteenth century with varnished oak furniture in a style which, during that devastating revival, was regarded as truly Gothic. Balliol can, however, set against this that it contains the old yellow book,

"Small-quarto size, part print part manuscript,
A book in shape but, really, pure crude fact,"

which furnished Browning with his material for "The Ring and the Book."

CHIEF among Oxford libraries is, of course, the famous Bodleian which opened in 1602 with 2,500 volumes, and to-day contains 800,000 bound volumes of printed books and 40,000 manuscripts, representing well over a million separate works. Sir Thomas Bodley was anxious that "baggage-books," by which he meant *Belles Lettres*, should be added but sparingly to his library. "I can see no good reason," he wrote to the first librarian, "to alter my opinion for excluding such books as almanacks, plays, and an infinite number that are daily printed of very unworthy matters . . . such as, methinks, both the keeper and under-keeper should disdain to seek out to deliver unto any man. Haply, some plays may be worthy the keeping—but hardly one play in forty." It is one of the ironies of fate that these words were written when Shakspeare was at the height of his genius, and that Bodley's Library is to-day specially famed for precisely the kind of literature which Bodley himself banned. This is in part due to Malone's collection which was presented in 1821. It was almost entirely composed of "baggage-books," and included all the Shakspeare folios, many of the quartos, and valuable editions of other English dramatists.

BUT if this rule of Sir Thomas Bodley has been broken, others have been observed in rather difficult circumstances. To Milton's friend, John Rous, who held the office of Librarian during the Civil War, belongs the distinction of having firmly but courteously refused to lend books from the library either to Charles I. or Cromwell, who both requested them. Cromwell presented the library with some Greek manuscripts, but the only service done it by Charles I. was to "borrow" £500 from Bodley's chest. At present the financial position of Bodley's Library is causing some anxiety. Its income last year was £11,700, and the expenditure £12,000. It is to be hoped that "The Bodleian Quarterly Record," the first number of which has been published this week, will interest many people in the work and progress of the great library. Men of letters have been generous in their tributes to its value, witness Mr. Birrell's "In the Name of the Bodleian."

IN the introduction which Dr. Herbert Warren contributes to the reprint of "Lorna Doone" in "The World's Classics" series there is an interesting story of the early fortunes of that famous romance. Blackmore told Dr. Warren that when the book first came out, it was published in the usual form in three volumes, at the price of a guinea and a half. In this form it had no great success, and when the edition was sold out, the publishers had to consider whether it should be put into one volume or dropped altogether. "Then Mr. Sampson Low spoke up: 'Blackmore is a good fellow and an old friend; give him the benefit of the doubt.' The story was accordingly republished in one volume, and its marvellous career of popularity at once began."

Reviews.

WHERE EXTREMES MEET.

"Russia: The Country of Extremes." By Madame N. JARINTZOFF. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 16s. net.)

"WHERE have I known freedom? Only in the Bastille," said the ironic Frenchwoman; and the same ironic truth holds good for Russia. To cross the frontier into Russia is like entering a prison; to leave it is like coming out into the free air from Holloway or Brixton Gaol. And yet, inside those frontiers, one is conscious of a freedom unknown to England or other Continental nations. Nowhere else does one find such freedom of intercourse, of conversation, of opinion, and of behavior, too. We believe that nowhere else is the feeling of human equality and brotherhood so widely diffused, and that, in spite of the sharply drawn lines between the nobility, the educated, the workpeople, and the peasants. This is one of the contradictions that abound in Russian life. With equal truth, one might call the Russians the cleverest and the most ignorant of nations, the most sceptical and the most superstitious, the kindest of heart and the most cruel. Russia is what Madame Jarintzoff calls her—the country of extremes. We can hardly imagine any extreme for which there is not abundant evidence among her people, unless it is thrift. These startling contrasts give Russia her peculiar interest, and fill the British traveller with bewilderment. He finds himself amid extravagant luxury that would make Park Lane gasp, and amid poverty compared with which the slums of our worst cities are paradise. He finds a police despotism of hideous brutality, and a public sentiment which speaks of criminals of all kinds as "poor dear unfortunates." He finds a race that cannot endure to see a crow shot, but whose Government has hanged over 7,000 men and women during the present ill-omened reign. He finds the most formal and rigid orthodoxy prevailing in the midst of sects at least as numerous as our own, and incredibly more fantastic.

In this collection of brilliant essays, Madame Jarintzoff shows us the effect of such contrasts and extremes. Her chapters are separate treatises upon peculiar phases of Russian life—the Kossacks, the clergy, the monastic prisons, the students, the police spies, and similar themes. She writes with vivacity and intimate knowledge; also with a high enthusiasm for Russian liberty, reminding one of the heroic martyrs whom, in some instances, she minutely describes. Hers is an enthusiasm all the more welcome after the efforts of certain English visitors or residents whose mental attitude to Russia's prolonged struggle for freedom is one of contempt, and who would make us believe that the Russian polity is a profoundly religious and beautiful thing, and that any approach of Western freedom and thought would only diminish its medieval charm. Madame Jarintzoff, knowing the country from childhood up, has no such pretty illusions. She sees both the Czarism and the Russian Church in their true colors—the one as a stupefying tyranny, the other as a senseless superstition, without influence on conduct or social good. After all the stuff we have heard lately about the spiritual beauty of the Orthodox Church, it is refreshing for those who have seen that Church as it slowly rots in decrepitude to read such words as these from an admirable chapter on "Russian Piety and Clergy":—

"Speaking seriously and frankly, there is no Church in Russia—that is to say, there is no body of people who represent and lead the spiritual life of the nation; the Holy Synod is far from being holy. That the clergy have no elevating influence whatever is clear to the reader already, I hope. The religion of the bulk of the lower classes is, practically speaking, a fetishism—positivistic and anthropomorphic. A great number of the peasantry are seekers after truth and exact followers of Christ's commandments; but they can only be so by breaking away from the Church, and they are called and treated as rebels."

But the overwhelming interest of the book lies in the record of that revolutionary spirit which for forty years displayed such amazing unselfishness and devotion in pursuit of an ideal aim. All that is best in the Russian nature—its literature, its art, its scientific power, and, above all,

its disinterested enthusiasm—has gone into the revolution. The record of that movement is the most stirring and marvellous passage in the last century of Europe's history, unless we except the story of Italy's revival. In attempting to bring the record up to date, Madame Jarintzoff suffers, perhaps, under one disadvantage. We gather that she has been living ten years in England, and no exile can ever hope to keep closely in touch with the spirit of his own country. No matter how carefully he reads, corresponds, and converses, he will miss something of the essential and changing spirit; he will get his values wrong; his insight will be obscured by what someone has called "the fog of exile." And so, for the Russia of the moment, we should rather go to that excellent book which we discussed the other day—the "Russia of the Russians," by Dr. Harold Williams. It is not only wider in scope than these essays; it gives a more "actual" picture of the present phase of Russian thought, and of its transformation within the last ten years. Madame Jarintzoff mentions them, it is true; but her personal intimacy appears to date from the preceding period.

But of that period we can hardly have too many detailed accounts. The more we read, the more our astonishment and admiration grow. Other reformers and champions of freedom have done excellently, but the Russians have surpassed them all. They have surpassed all in their passion of belief, pity, indignation, and in their utter abandonment of life's ordinary objects, pleasures, and ambitions. They have surpassed in everything except, perhaps, in organization and persistency, not of aim, but of method. Above all, they have surpassed every other movement in suffering. When we think of the executions, the tortures, the floggings, imprisonments, the forms of gaol sickness, starvation, the long years of hopeless existence in Siberian wildernesses, we stand ashamed before the example of such courage and unselfish exaltation. Besides thousands of executions, at least 100,000 have been imprisoned or sent to Siberia within the last fifteen years. What other nation can show anything approaching to that devoted zeal? It may be said that no other nation has such evils to contend against, and, happily, that is true. But, if we had shown one-tenth part of that devotion, there would not be many public evils left among us now.

Madame Jarintzoff quotes a well-known passage from the address of Jeliabov to his judges before he was hanged for complicity in the assassination of Alexander II:—

"You will see," he said, "that in our activity there has also been a time of dreamy, rosy youth. It is not our fault that it has gone now. Our peaceful socialistic propaganda—a movement opposed to force and violence, to blood and revolt—has been shattered by imprisonments, transportation, and executions. Such things showed us the impracticable nature of our innocent longings, and from speculative dreamers we were transformed into upholders of action. Words had to be replaced by deeds."

It is the indictment of all Governments which attempt to stamp down the demands of reason by coercion. Once again in the Russian movement there came "a time of dreamy, rosy youth." It was when the Russian working people went in thousands, with the holy pictures and crosses and portraits of the Tsar, to petition "their Little Father" and implore him to find some alleviation for their misery. But their Little Father escaped by the backdoor of his palace, left the soldiers to shoot into the thick of the unarmed crowds, and his only answer to their petition is quoted by Madame Jarintzoff from Count Vassili's memoirs:—

"If they are not turbulent, then one must treat them as if they were so," said Nicholas II., giving his instructions for that day.

"When these were carried out, and all was over and reported to him, he asked only one question:

"Are you sure that you have killed enough people?"

That was nine years ago, and the Tsar has since become Britain's friend; so we do not speak of these things now. And, indeed, Madame Jarintzoff has much beside of extraordinary interest to tell. Among other things, she gives a very complete account of the police and their "Agents Provocateurs," illustrated by the almost inexplicable career of Father Gapon, as well as by the almost incredible fiendishness of Azeff.

She has an excellent chapter on Russian everyday life also, and, naturally, she touches frequently upon the remarkable part played by heroic women in Russia's recent history; for instance, she writes:—

"Among these [the born orators and organizers of political propaganda] the girl students immediately found their place, side by side with the best of men, showing initiative and a lofty spirit, which once for all settled the question of women's position in the eyes of Russian society."

APOLOGIA PETRI.

"St. Paul's Fight for Galatia." By C. H. WATKINS, D.Th. (James Clarke, 3s. 6d. net.)

AN Ultramontane historian, Cardinal Hergenröther, in recording the contention between Paul and Peter at Antioch which, since Baur's famous treatise, has been regarded as the key to early Church history, remarks with more acuteness than the official Catholic doctrine of inspiration warrants, that we have only Paul's account of the episode. It was perhaps well for this distinguished man that he wrote in the comparatively tolerant days of Leo XIII.; not all his defence of the Vatican Council would have saved him from the Index under Pius X. But time brings about unexpected alliances. Here is a pupil of Joannes Weiss presenting—and very ably—the case for Peter as a thesis for the Doctorate of Theology at the University of Heidelberg in this original, daring, and suggestive book. Mr. Watkins's judgment of St. Paul recalls Jowett's of Newman. When the glowing rhetoric of the "Apologia" was carrying its readers off their feet, the sage kept his head; and, when he was asked what he thought of the book, he said, in his still, small voice, "Not the work of a saint"; meaning that it was a work rather of passion than of reflection, and contained not a little that the writer in calmer moods would have said differently, or perhaps would not have said. In each case there was a grievance; in each there was probably also what casuists call *immoderamen tutelæ*: the resentment was out of proportion to the offence. As the same Jowett, whose instinct for conduct was unerring, said of St. Paul in another connection, he was "very unlike a good man of our own time." He was; and no candid student of his writings can be blind to the fact.

"The good people are not as good as they think themselves, and the bad people are not as bad as the good people think them," Bishop Creighton used to say. It is a sound view, confirmed by experience; and when Mr. Watkins applied it to St. Paul and his opponents, he is probably not wholly wrong. Is it a maxim of Laodicea to think that the very best men are those who either do not hold very pronounced opinions or who at least do not press them? St. Paul did both; this is why we miss in him the calm of the Sermon on the Mount and the profundity of the Fourth Gospel; he is a man of war. The divergence between him and the opponents whom he had in view in the Epistle to the Galatians assumed an exaggerated aspect, Mr. Watkins thinks, in his fiery and sensitive mind. They urged, not the necessity, but the superiority of a certain legal observance, which, however, they regarded as a counsel of perfection; to use a modern distinction, it was of the *bene esse*, not of the *esse* of the Church. With regard to the "Word of the Cross," the difference was very much that between Evangelicals and old-fashioned Anglicans; the Judaizers connected the death of Christ with redemption, "but not in such a far-reaching and exclusive form as Paul." Their doctrine of grace had a legal complexion; they emphasized rather the judicial than the paternal aspect of God. They lacked Paul's sense of inwardness, whether as to sonship or works. But the whole was matter of accent and outlook rather than doctrine; the parallel is Wesley and Bishop Butler, not Luther and Leo X.

We believe that, in spite of the adverse criticism to which it has been subjected, Baur's account of the controversy holds the field substantially. Mr. Watkins's psychological analysis of St. Paul is admirable; his interpretation of the apostle's position is unconvincing. Paul's relations with the Jerusalem apostles, if correct, were formal; whatever his action in particular cases, such as those of Timothy and

Titus, there is nothing to show that his attitude towards the law weakened or varied—the passage Romans III. 1. (in which, it should be noted, both Westcott and Hort's text and Joannes Weiss's German translation insert the article), refers not to circumcision as an operation or state, but to the Jewish nation; the ritual element in the Epistles is Gentile, not Jewish, in origin, and comes from the mysteries and mythico-mystical cults of the East. "Of 'lying' on Paul's part there is no evidence," we are told. There can be no question, it seems to us, of such a charge in this connection; and where the direct evidence of the Epistle conflicts with the harmonizing and tendency writing of the Acts, the weight of the former prevails.

That the Pauline theology is the work of reflection, though of very early reflection, upon the Gospel is undoubted:—

"It must be admitted that neither the Crucifixion, nor faith in it, nor justification in the Pauline sense, find the same strong expression in the teaching of Jesus Himself—although Paul intends to be simply a servant and apostle of Jesus Christ. The Judaizers were in a position to answer, not without some grounds, 'We did not so learn Christ.'"

But if the moralist school has its place in Christianity beside the pneumatic, the same cannot be said of the ceremonial and legal. Circumcision in itself is a thing indifferent; but to "compel you to be circumcised" was, like throwing incense on the Pagan altar, to deny Christ. With Mr. Watkins's "Apologia Petri" we cannot go. Without insisting on particular sayings or incidents, into which it is probable that gloss or later reflection enter, it is easy from the Gospel record to recognize the type to which this apostle belongs. We cannot imagine him the author either of the Pauline or the Joannine writings: the dialectic of the one and the allegorizing of the other would have been foreign to his direct mind. He was not complex; he was impatient of subtleties; his speech, which was short and pointed, reflected his thought, which was shrewd and instinctive, if neither profound nor trained. A Galilean fisherman, he had neither the adaptability of the Jew nor the secretiveness of the peasant. When he feigned—his easily detected attempt to deceive the servants of the High Priest is an example—he feigned badly, because it was not in his nature to feign. A man of another type might set him down as a blunderer; well-intentioned, but slow at the uptake, and mentally clumsy; misunderstanding what was said to and was going on round him, constitutionally apt to say and do the wrong thing. It is probable that Paul thought of him in this way. A man of few words, Peter was simply bewildered by Paul's verbosity. He did not in the least see what he was at, or the point at issue; he was incapable of entering into his colleague's mind, of appreciating his motives, or of foreseeing what he would say or do next. And before he knew where he was, he found himself exploited by the adroit Judaizers, and roundly denounced by the great Apostle of the Gentiles—"I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed." Much-tried Paul! But also much-tried Peter! There are drawbacks to working with a man of stronger personality and greater tenacity of purpose than one's own. Mr. Watkins doubts that Peter "was to be blamed." He does not convince us; though his analysis of Paul's temperament convinces us that a very plausible case may be made for his view.

A ROMAN MORALIST.

"Horace: Sa Vie et Sa Pensée à l'Époque des Épîtres." Par EDMOND COURBAUD. (Paris: Hachette, 3fr. 50.)

A READER must needs be pleased when he finds a critic at one with the judgment which he himself has already formed. In such a case, a reviewer's praise may perhaps be suspect; but, in the present case, the fact that his own view is illustrated and confirmed will not forbid him to say that of all the books on Horace, the last is among the best. The Professor of the Sorbonne is at variance with much German criticism of his author, but of Horace a Frenchman is perhaps the better judge, while of the two French critics who have lately dealt with Horace, interesting and suggestive as is the work

of Mons. Plessis, the work of Mons. Courbaud is more sure and sound.

The true Horace was neither a satirist nor a poet, but a moralist, and he was too good a judge of himself not to know it. His early lampoons were in part literary wild oats, and in part the bitter fruit from a tree of his own planting. It was bad enough that in the Civil War he had chosen the losing side and lost all his worldly wealth. It was worse that a foolish enthusiasm had thrown him into a party which he now recognized to have been in the wrong. Though he had to start life anew, he seems to have had little difficulty in earning his bread or living down his past in the eyes of the world. The bitterest drop was that he had to live it down in his own. To the works which followed the lampoons long usage has given the misleading name of "satires." In Horace's disposition there was no ferocity of scorn, and, though he could reprove faults and vices, his own name of "conversations" is a better title for his work. By whatever name we chose to call them, the satires have little mark of maturity and a plentiful lack of ordered thought. It is probable that, before finishing the satires, Horace had already tried his hand at lyric verse, and the next years saw the slow and labored preparation of nearly a hundred odes. For these poems their author never claimed inspiration. They were but, as he puts it, "attenuated flute-breath of the Greek Muse." They owed their existence not to temperament or to impulse, but to calculated choice. Horace lacked, as Mons. Courbaud says, the emotion and the *elan* which the true lyric demands. He is "plus savant qu'inspiré." He drops into prose without knowing it. "Testis mearum centimanus Gyas Sententiarum" is one of the unpoetical phrases adduced by our critic. In the Laureate Odes the poet is sometimes betrayed into insincerity. On the other hand, the poems have qualities which ensure their lasting popularity. The lack of inspiration, the frequent pedestrianism, the occasional disjointedness of thought or clumsiness of connection, are forgotten in face of the curious felicity in which Horace stands alone. And there are cases where we can admire without any deduction "la chanson courte et gracieuse, l'ode légère, la piece di mezzo cavattere, avec sa morale aimable, qu'il anime d'un peu de galanterie et encadre dans quelque tableau de la nature." To *Persicos odi* and to *Integer vitae* the most hostile critic must inevitably succumb.

In his later years, Horace, as Poet Laureate, could not entirely abandon lyrics, but his vein was almost exhausted, and only in the Secular Ode did he show his old powers. The Epistles are of a different quality. Here he found a means of expressing his view of life, matured as it was by experience, and consonant with the settled life which followed the victory of Actium. Both temper and education made him a moralist. His mother seems to have died in his infancy. To his father's care for his soul he bears both direct and indirect testimony. We believe that there is such indirect testimony in one of the few passages in which Mons. Courbaud is in error. In maintaining that the avoidance of great sins does not constitute virtue, Horace calls himself "Sabellus." Mons. Courbaud supposes Horace to imply that in becoming a Sabine by residence, he had become a Sabine in the gravity of his morals. But "Sabellus," despite the lexicons, means a Samnite, not a Sabine, and Horace speaks as the son of his Venusian father. Of his moralism there is evidence enough in the Odes; but when, as in the Epistles, it becomes his admitted subject, there are no signs of the heavy labor which he confesses his lyrics to have cost him. The Epistles are true letters. They are polished and meditated conversation, and, though the subject may sometimes have occurred to him before the recipient, he never forgets to whom he is writing. His early bitterness had entirely left him. In one of his Laureate Odes he had spoken of the degeneracy of the age, but even then his words had not been sincere, and now he could say that his was a world worth living in. What was more, he could preach his gospel with the certainty that it would be heard. It was hardly a doctrine for stirring times or perhaps for great men. In his own early attempt at heroism he took little pride; not because his courage had perhaps failed him in the lost battle, but because the men whom he followed had, though with little sincerity, carried a doctrine to excess. Professedly, at least, they had shed their blood for a theoretical Republicanism. Of moderation,

of opportunity, of fitting the means to the end, there had been little talk or thought in their camp at Philippi. And Horace's gospel is essentially the golden mean. He does not say that, in the form in which he himself followed it, it is one for all times, still less for all men, though for all men it has its lesson. A Grosphus or a Lamia, men who inherited riches or had the knack of making them, need not surrender his wealth, while power and place were well enough for a Mæcenas or an Agrippa; but neither the great nor the wealthy must think themselves happier than the small man who knew how to live his life. Stirring times bring ardent spirits quickly to the front, but stirring times are exceptional, and small men are always a majority. If the small man has qualities—literary qualities, for instance—which make him known, well and good. Such a man must know himself and know how to associate with the great. He must hit the mean between toadyism and arrogance, between Croker, as Thackeray depicted him, and Swift as Swift was. Nor could Horace forget, as some men forget, that sickness and age are incidental to humanity, for he endured divers ailments, and he grew old before his time. The enthusiast, to whom Horace's easy and sensible talk may seem commonplace or frigid, should remember that the moralist in the days of his strength, though he had not found his work easy, had not shrunk from doing it. He had defects—excessive amorousness perhaps the worst—but his virtues far outweighed them, and he saw life steadily if he did not see it whole.

INDUSTRIAL PEACE.

"The Way to Industrial Peace." By B. SEEBOHM ROWNTREE. (Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

THERE is something to be said in favor of the halfpenny press. Occasionally, it gets hold of a man who is steeped in the detailed study of an important subject, and induces him to put before the public in simple language the general results of his investigations, and the practical lessons that emerge from it. This process has extracted from Mr. Seeböhm Rowntree, whose special researches into Poverty, Unemployment, and the Land have taken shape in volumes of dimensions and character formidable to the man in the street, a useful collection of little papers on working-class problems. Nobody else, we think, is in a position to have written such a book, for most of his first-hand inquiries into facts are checked by a wide experience as a great employer. After a prefatory chapter upon the main causes of the current discontent, to which the education of the school, the street, the trade union is a chief contributory, Mr. Rowntree goes at once to the central theme—the demand for higher wages. He gives a powerful support to the doctrine of the economy of high wages, holding that low wages mean inefficient and slack labor, with waste of time and material, and an unprogressive business. Good wages put heart into the workers, stimulate inventiveness and organization in the employer, and strengthen industry in general by furnishing a large, regular working-class market for standard articles. If incompetent employers complain that they cannot afford to pay such wages, it is better that they should disappear. This applies, indeed, not only to individual businesses, but to all low-grade trades that can only live on condition that they pay sweating wages. Their extinction is a gain for commerce and humanity.

The same general line of argument is applicable to the movement for a shorter work-day, and for the better regulation of the labor market. Mr. Rowntree rightly fastens on casual and irregular employment as the worst symptom of industrial unreason. It is such an obvious economy for a business to find regular occupation for nearly all its workers, by shifting them from one department to another when one is slack, the other busy. Similarly, "the pooling of reserves" by the various businesses in a trade, and the wider adjustment attempted by the Labor Exchanges appeal to the evident self-interest of business men.

After reading such powerful appeals to common sense and expediency, one is inclined to ask whether enlightened selfishness, industrial rationalism, suffices for a full policy of social-economic reform. Can we hope to get a progressive

From SMITH, ELDER & CO.'S LIST

Pot-Pourri Mixed by Two

By Mrs. C. W. EARLE, Author of "Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden," &c., and Miss ETHEL CASE. With Illustrations. Small demy, 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

Observer.—"The book shows you not only a new garden in the making, but helps to take you very pleasantly into the friendship of two delightful women."

Where No Fear Was

By ARTHUR C. BENSON, Author of "From a College Window," &c. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

MANCHESTER COURIER.—"To the timid and the fearful the book will be like some helpful hand. Here is generous sympathy given in full measure and administered by a master hand."

Hunting and Hunted in the Belgian Congo

By R. DAVEY COOPER. Edited by R. KEITH JOHNSTON. With 26 Illustrations and a Sketch Map. Small royal 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

MANCHESTER COURIER.—"Yarns of an ivory hunter. It is to be hoped that he will lose no time in publishing a further instalment."

Memories of John Westlake

Contributed by some of the many Friends of the distinguished International Lawyer. With Portraits. Large medium 8vo, 6s. net.

OXFORD CHRONICLE.—"A fitting commemoration of his fine work and fascinating personality will be found in this series of tributes from the pens of friends."

My First Years as a Frenchwoman

By MARY KING WADDINGTON, Author of "Letters of a Diplomat's Wife," "Chateau and Country Life in France," &c. 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

Malcolm MacColl

Memoirs and Correspondence

Edited by the Right Hon. GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL, Author of "Collections and Recollections," &c. Small demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net. May 7.

Canadian Nights

By the Right Hon. The EARL OF DUNRAVEN, K.P., C.M.G. Under-Secretary to the Colonies, 1885-1887, Author of "The Great Divide," &c. Small demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net. May 7.

Poverty and Waste

By HARTLEY WITHERS, Author of "The Meaning of Money," "Stocks and Shares," "Money Changing," &c. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

Lombard Towns of Italy

By EGERTON R. WILLIAMS. Author of "Hill Towns of Italy," "Plain Towns of Italy," &c. With numerous illustrations. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

Travel and Politics in Armenia

By NOEL BUXTON, M.P., and the Rev. HAROLD BUXTON. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. Viscount Bryce and a Contribution on Armenian History and Culture by Aram Raffi. With Illustrations and a Map. Large post 8vo, 5s. net.

TWO VOLUMES OF VERSE

Poems and Legends

By CHARLES STRATFORD CATTY. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

Will o' the Wisp and the Wandering Voice

By THOMAS BOUCH. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

NEW 6s. NOVELS

Matthew Hargraves S. G. Tallentyre
OUTLOOK.—"Quite beautiful. Patty, unworldly, and wistful, is like a little wildflower. She made the world she lived in very fragrant."

Chignett Street By B. Paul Neuman
TIMES.—"Stories, worth reading, about elementary school life."

The Lost Tribes By George A. Birmingham
DAILY NEWS.—"A jester who within his first ten lines puts the reader on perfectly good terms with him, and in ten pages has the whole of a long story in breathless motion. The handling of the audacious story is delightfully amusing."

Tents of a Night By Mary W. Findlater
From an Islington Window : Pages of Reminiscent Romance By M. Betham-Edwards

Johnnie Maddison By John Haalette
They Who Question (Anonymous)

London : SMITH, ELDER & CO.,
15, Waterloo Place, S.W.

THOMAS NELSON & SONS' New Announcements.

JUST READY.

Books in General Literature.

SCIENCE AND METHOD.

By HENRI POINCARÉ. Translated by Francis Maitland, with an introduction by the Hon. Bertrand Russell, F.R.S. 6/- net.

Poincaré was probably the greatest scientist of his age, and in addition to his technical treatises he wrote several works in which, with unique beauty and clearness of style, he expounded the philosophy of science in relation to other human interests. The old arrogance of science has gone, and to-day there is a movement towards the opposite extreme, which finds in scientific laws little more than plausible guesses. Poincaré attempts to set science in its proper perspective, showing precisely what it claims and precisely what it can accomplish. Like his great countryman, M. Bergson, he is the master of a perfect style, and his work is literature as well as philosophy.

"It gives a helpful survey of the scientific powers, and will repay attentive perusal."—*Glasgow Herald*.

"All who wish to obtain a true perspective of scientific knowledge should add this excellent translation of M. Poincaré's work to the library shelves."—*Sunday Times*.

IN PURSUIT OF SPRING.

By EDWARD THOMAS. With six illustrations from drawings by Ernest Haslehurst. 5/- net.

In this book Mr. Thomas tells of a pilgrimage from London westward in March and April, leaving behind him in town the dregs of winter and finding full springtide in the Quantocks. It is full of charming pictures of scenery and weather, and notes on wayside incidents and characters.

"Mr. Thomas tells his adventures of mind and body on his journey; and a very pleasant wind-swept book the telling makes. His thoughts are woven together in a fresh and delightful book, which every lover of poetry and the open-air and honest writing will appreciate."—*The Observer*.

AFRICAN CAMP FIRES.

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE. With thirty illustrations. 5/- net.

In "The Land of Footprints" Mr. S. E. White, who is famous both as a big-game hunter and a novelist, gave an account of his recent hunting trip in East Africa. In "African Camp Fires" he tells of the same country, but from a different point of view. He is now more the traveller than the sportsman, and attempts to recapture the evasive glamour of the long days in forest and plain, and of the camp fire under the African stars.

A NEW NOVEL.

THE RED WALL. By FRANK SAVILE. 2/- net.

In his new novel Mr. Savile deals with the Panama Canal zone, and the efforts of a European power to get a footing there through the intrigues of an adjacent republic. It is a story of love and high politics set among tropical forests and mountain gorges, and not for a second does the interest flag from the first scene in the dusty streets of the Isthmus till the secret of the Red Wall is at last unveiled.

"Mr. Savile has written a sound story of the modern Spanish Main type, with plenty of plot, movement, colour, and violent incident."—*The Times*.

MEXICO AS I SAW IT.

By MRS. ALEC-TWEEDIE, author of "Through Finland in Carts." 1/- net.

Mrs. Tweedie's brilliant book on Mexico has already taken its place as one of the most authoritative books on that country. The authoress wandered through Mexico observing and taking notes under circumstances that might have daunted the ordinary traveller. She has much to say on the social conditions that obtain among the Mexicans, and gives many vivid pictures of the life and sport of the ranches. The book contains an excellent portrayal and analysis of the character of that extraordinary man, Porfirio Diaz.

On Sale at all Booksellers and Bookstalls.

standard of wages, hours, and other improved conditions for labor, with the concomitant of peace and goodwill between capital and labor, out of this individual enlightenment? Mr. Rowntree does not formally discuss this point; but though he sometimes writes as if the reply were affirmative, some of his latter chapters indicate that he discovers limits in the gospel of enlightened self-interest. If the whole body of the workers is to be elevated to a higher standard of work and living, it is pretty evident that State action must supplement, and sometimes supersede, the intelligent co-operation (qualified by the obstructive competition) of individual firms, and separate groups of employees. Some persons see in the co-operative and profit-sharing methods, or in the advance of co-partnership, a solution not only of the strife between capital and labor, but of the whole industrial problem. But favorable as he is to such experiments, Mr. Rowntree recognizes their strict limitations. He therefore looks to organized society as a whole—the State, to assist in repressing sweating and in securing the basis of a living wage. This national minimum he would attain by an extension of the operations of the present Trade Boards Act. This element of compulsion is often needed “to over-ride the immediate interests of the employer by imposing on him obligations which are to the advantage of the nation rather than his own.” Though to some it seems as if a compulsory State Minimum Wage introduces a novel and a dangerous principle into the business world, of course this is not the case. The objections brought against a compulsory wage are identical in economic significance with those brought against all public demands for safety, sanitation, and limitations of the hours of labor. These immediately expensive restrictions have not crushed but stimulated industry, and there is good reason to hold that a similar result would follow the enforcement of a national minimum wage. Mr. Rowntree draws a distinction between a minimum wage for men and for women which is likely to bring him into controversy. “In the case of a man—it would have to be the sum necessary to keep a family of average size (five persons) in a state of physical efficiency and to pay an economic rent for a sanitary dwelling; in the case of a woman, the sum necessary to enable her to live independently in a state of physical efficiency.”

Mr. Rowntree does not believe in the doctrine of the insatiate recklessness and greed of the working-classes which obsesses so many timid persons to-day. “With every improvement in the conditions of the workers, their stake in the country will grow, and they will be loth to endanger the security of the industrial life, which is the basis of their own prosperity, for a mere whim or trifling grievance.”

THE CASE AGAINST THE HAPSBURGS.

“The Life of the Emperor Francis Joseph.” By FRANCIS GRIBBLE. (Nash. 16s. net.)

WHAT Mr. Francis Gribble has written is not so much the life of the Austrian Emperor as a Eugenist indictment of the Hapsburgs. He has given his book a sort of plot. Its central thread is the story of a curse and its fulfilment. Francis Joseph's first years on the throne were stained with bloodshed. A Hungarian lady, Countess Karolyi, whose son was one of the victims of the savage repression of 1849, pronounced this far-reaching and substantial curse upon the young Emperor:—

“May Heaven and Hell blast his happiness! May his family be exterminated! May he be smitten in the persons of those he loves! May his life be wrecked, and may his children be brought to ruin.”

It is a fine and enveloping curse, and Mr. Gribble prints it in bold, black letters, no doubt to give it a fuller comminatory flavor. And he adds:—

“A memorable curse truly, and one which one might, if one chose, take for the text of this biography, showing how time has brought the fulfilment of it, drawing the punishment out, slowly, relentlessly, unceasingly. The tragedy of the Square of Queretaro, where Francis Joseph's brother faced a firing party of Republican executioners; the tragedy of the

Vatican, where his sister-in-law lost her reason; the tragedy of Meyerling, where his only son perished in his shame; the tragedy of Geneva, where his wife was struck down by the assassin's dagger—all these things, and many others also, might be represented as so many stages in the untiring and undeviating march of Nemesis—fulfilments of the curse.”

Here we have Mr. Gribble's romantic thesis. But he has other theses, quasi-scientific and political. One is that the Hapsburgs are degenerates. Among the proofs of this degeneracy are “the unpredictable, insurgent extravagances,” fully described, of the members of the House of Hapsburg, the “Hapsburg jaw,” the Hapsburg nose, the Hapsburg “exorbitism.” Another thesis is that the degeneracy is the result of “inbreeding,” of consanguineous marriages. A third thesis is that much of the Hapsburg eccentricity is an instinctive revolt against this in-breeding. The Hapsburg caste tradition insists upon marriage within “a ring fence”; Nature ignores it. Hence the morganatic marriages, liaisons, scandals—the outrageous escapades, for one example, of Princess Louisa of Tuscany. These theses need not be taken over-seriously. Their chief function is to provide Mr. Gribble with a handy framework on which to hang and arrange the facts about the Hapsburgs, so far as they are known—all the scandals, mysteries, gossip, rumors, and suspicions concerning this astonishing family. He has done his work fully, fearlessly, and well. These things are very interesting to read about; it is useful to have them all collected in a single volume, indexed, and put in their proper setting and historical perspective. One cannot say that Mr. Gribble has over-charged his brush with crude and violent colors. He is frank and outspoken where his predecessors have been “discreet” or courtierlike; but he is always careful at least to attempt to sift and weigh the available evidence. Much of the book consists, to use the author's own candid expression, of “tittle-tattle.” But it is not idle tittle-tattle. “The personality of the Hapsburgs,” he says, rightly, “matters in a sense in which the personalities of rulers who are mere figureheads do not matter.” As Mr. Gribble tells of the eccentric Hapsburg archdukes and archduchesses, the personality of the “sanest and healthiest of the Hapsburgs” seems automatically to reveal itself gradually—and, as it were, reluctantly—from the mass of scandal and intrigue. The Emperor Francis Joseph comes before us:—

“Proud as Lucifer, infinitely gracious to those who do not presume—readily regarded by such as a gallant soldier, anxious to make things pleasant for everybody—yet seeming at some crises of his fate, to mistake himself for God, and the Archdukes for Archangels, not because they behave as such, but because they are Hapsburgs, and ought to.”

“For all we know,” said Mr. Bernard Shaw once, *apropos* of Eugenism, “the superman might prove to be a self-controlled epileptic, nourished on proof-spirit.” Some authorities hold that Julius Caesar and Napoleon the First were epileptics. One would like Mr. Gribble or some other Eugenist to test the French Imperialist family, or one or two other Royal Houses for degeneracy. It is quite possible that, in comparison, the Hapsburgs would show up rather well. Mr. Gribble ought to be warned that Eugenism is not really a science at all; that the terms “degeneracy” and “decadence” are either meaningless or suspect, and that, in particular, consanguineous marriages are only suspected, though probably for good reason, of being deleterious; as yet there is no definite proof. Moreover, even by the Eugenist test, the Hapsburgs are not necessarily degenerate. Occasional eccentricity and excess are not enough. Morganatic marriages and irregular love affairs are certainly no proof. As the Emperor Francis Joseph himself shows, and he is not singular, the Hapsburgs may be a strong and healthy stock. Mr. Gribble gives a “catalogue raisonné” of “Austria's idiot archdukes,” as Bismarck called them, but if the list is closely scanned, those pilloried archdukes seem, for the most part, to be men of unusual talent and strength of character.

The suicide of the Crown Prince Rudolf at Meyerling and the voluntary disappearance of “John Orth” lose all Eugenist significance on the author's own showing. For if, as he suggests, they were guilty of conspiracy against the State, one need not look for further explanations. It would not be hopelessly difficult to construct out of Mr. Gribble's own book a case for the Hapsburgs as a family far above the average in genius, temperament, and even physique.

Mr. FIFIELD'S SPRING LIST**LONDON CIRCUS**
HENRY BAERLEIN**MR. BAERLEIN'S NEW NOVEL:
"LONDON CIRCUS"**

(6s.) is puzzling some of the critics, but if you read George Moore, Samuel Butler, or Tristram Shandy, you should read "London Circus." It needs a sense of humour.

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer says, in the *Outlook*: "It is an altogether amazing and hilarious satire."

The *Observer* terms it: "Remarkably brilliant satire."

The *Westminster Gazette* calls it: "A work which is comic, satiric, philosophical, and full of incident."

TWO GRAVE & POWERFUL PLAYS ON THE SOCIAL EVIL. DAMAGED GOODS. By BRIEF X, with a Preface by BERNARD SHAW and a Foreword by MRS. BERNARD SHAW. Wrappers, 1s. net, by post 1s. 1½d. [Just Published.]

No more powerful sermon against sexual irregularity has ever been preached than is contained in this epoch-making play. Packed and spell-bound audiences watched the recent private performances in London, and in America it has been played under the auspices of doctors and clergymen, and ten thousand copies of a cheap edition were circulated among young University men.

PHILIP'S WIFE. By FRANK G. LAYTON, M.R.C.S. This brave and needed play is the result of actual experiences of the author in his medical practice. It deals with English life and the terrible havoc wrought therein by sexual disease. All serious people should read this play and help to abolish the criminal conspiracy of silence which at present obtains.

THE MOST DELIGHTFUL BOOK ON THE ITALIAN ALPS. ALPS & SANCTUARIES OF PIEMONTE AND THE CANTON TICINO. By SAMUEL BUTLER. With 83 illustrations. New enlarged edition. 6s. net, postage 4d. "A book to buy, a book to brood and chuckle over."—*Observer*.

STRIKING NEW VERSE JUST ISSUED OR JUST TO COME. DISLIKES. By CHARLES MASEFIELD. 1s. net. [Ready.] **CREATION.** By HORACE HOLLEY. 1s. net. [Ready.] **BALLADS AND BURDENS.** By V. GOLDIE. 1s. net. **THE BROOD OF LIGHT.** By C. R. CROWTHER. 1s. net. **PAGAN.** A Book of Verse. By A. S. PETERSEN. 1s. 6d. net.

READY VERY SHORTLY. A YEAR IN CHICKENDOM. By J. W. HURST, Poultry Correspondent of *The Field*. Editor of *Feathered Life*. Wrappers, 1s. 6d. net. Cloth gilt, 2s. 6d. net. [May 8.] **KNOWLEDGE IS THE DOOR.** J. P. MILLS. 1s. net. **THE PROGRESS OF SYDNEY LAWRENCE.** A fine New Novel by MILES WATLISS. 6s. [End of May.] **LONDON: A. C. FIFIELD, 13, CLIFFORD'S INN, E.C.**

An extraordinary revelation of human nature.

NOTED MURDER MYSTERIES

By PHILIP CURTIN. 7s. 6d. net.

THE CONTENTS INCLUDE A LONG AND FULL ACCOUNT OF THE FAMOUS BRAVO CASE.

"Each is an enthralling drama in itself, told with admirable conciseness and very considerable power . . . a book of quite exceptional interest."—*The Globe*.

"Will hold more firmly than the latest novel."—*Sheffield Daily Independent*.

MEXICO THE LAND of UNREST

By HENRY BAERLEIN

New and Revised Edition. With numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

NATION (by R. B. Cunningham-Graham): "Society at large is in his debt for his courage in thus speaking out."

SATURDAY REVIEW: "Mr. Baerlein tells the story fearlessly and with the vividness of a man who has felt the pressure of passing events which he describes."

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN: "... is illuminating, his illustrations are admirable and, by reproducing caricatures of himself from the 'Diario Yucateco,' he manages to get some fun out of his sufferings in Yucatan."

PALL MALL GAZETTE: "There are chapters in Mr. Baerlein's book that are quite delightful."

Order these Remarkable Books from your Bookseller.

LONDON:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co., Ltd.

CASSELL'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

France From Behind the Veil

By COUNT PAUL VASSILI

In this volume, written in the frank and pungent style of the author of "Behind the Veil at the Russian Court," is embodied his unrivalled experiences of the inner, social, and political life of France during the last fifty years. Being so situated, the author was in a position to know many things carefully kept within inner official circles.

With 23 Illustrations. Medium 8vo, 432 pages. Cloth gilt, gilt top. 16s. net.

Brush and Pencil Notes in Landscape

By SIR ALFRED EAST, R.A.

With an Introduction by EDWIN BAILE, R.I.

A series of thirty reproductions in colour and twenty-four in pencil of sketches of the late Sir Alfred East, which form an interesting record of the artist's method of work and selection of subject. To those who are acquainted only with the paintings of his later years, these sketches will reveal an altogether unexpected aspect of the range of Sir Alfred East's art.

With 30 Colour Plates, 24 Half-tone Illustrations, and Portrait Frontispiece. Demy 4to 10s. 6d. net.

The Progress of Eugenics

By C. W. SALEEBY

M.D., F.R.S. (Edin.)

In 1909 Dr Saleeby, under the title of "Parenthood and Race Culture," told the story of the eugenic movement up to that date. He now reviews its progress during the last five years, showing *inter alia* how greatly its conceptions have been modified by Mendelism. Every important aspect of the subject, including the eugenic significance of the National Birth-Rate Commission, is in turn dealt with in the animated style which is always at Dr. Saleeby's service.

With Frontispiece in Colour, Large Crown 8vo. 252 pages. 5s. net.

TWO SUCCESSFUL 6s. NOVELS.

Full Swing

By FRANK DANBY

"'Frank Danby's' best book . . . this is the strongest and most human book that 'Frank Danby' has written. Nobody need hesitate to read the present novel, and nobody can read it without finding food for thought and material for consideration."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Rung Ho!

By TALBOT MUNDY

A stirring novel of action and love laid in India on the eve of the Mutiny.

CASSELL & CO., Ltd., La Belle Sauvage, London.

SAMPLES.

"The Cuckoo Lamb." By HORACE W. C. NEWTE. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

"The Progress of Prudence." By W. F. HEWER. (Mills & Boon. 6s.)

"Full Swing." By FRANK DANBY. (Cassell. 6s.)

"The Marriage Lines." By J. S. FLETCHER. (Nash. 6s.)

IRRESPONSIBLE fiction covers a multitude of sins, but the greatest of them all is the sin of omission. The matter with the average novel is not what it contains but what it leaves out. It leaves out so much; its vision is so strictly circumscribed, that the element of adventure, of quest, of curiosity, indispensable to all art worth the name, has ceased to play any part in its pilgrimage from page 1 to page 300, or thereabouts. It is as bound to routine, to the desk and ledger of the orthodox, as the clerk who, for a generation, catches the same trains, pursues the same lack-lustre tasks, and eats bacon and eggs every morning. Its sap, in some curious way, has been frizzled out of it. To read it is like treading on yellow leaves; to review it is like living in an endless November.

Mr. Newte not only treads the red-geranium path to the sound of the barrel-organ; he actually glories in it; he positively idealizes it; he fulminates impassioned jeremiads on its behalf. Mr. Newte may or may not have read Strindberg, but the "Cuckoo Lamb" bears all the marks of that dyspeptic ill-temper which has so endeared the Swedish author to the British public and the British publishers. The story doesn't count. It relates in a casual way the fortunes of a farmer's daughter, who, by the sheer power of ignorance, becomes a fashionable novelist. Her other characteristics consist of a love of the army and an entire incapacity to make up her mind whom she wants to marry. But she is only the watering-can for Mr. Newte's amiable plant of satire. Reduced to the barest terms, that satire consists in invective—virulent, nagging, breathless invective—against anti-militarists. Nor does Mr. Newte stop at creating his own nine-pins and then bowling them over. Under the pseudonym of "Virgin Catchpole," he quite obviously is directing his venom against Mr. Norman Angell, whose "peace battle" reminds him of "an elderly retired burglar, who has waxed fat on his gains, and wants everyone else to give up house-breaking." His appetite for slaughter thus whetted, Mr. Newte proceeds to lay about him, like a demoniac. His Buffalo Bill methods are not directed against the pseudo-intellectuals of Garden City culture. He has none of Mr. Onions's fine malice. No; all his bile is reserved for anyone with a theory—artistic, economic, or what not—for anything that secedes from the ledger-cum-armaments synthesis of the universe. And how he does it! What a hearty, beef-champing buccaneer he is, to be sure! Here is a specimen: "Her fat red face had the greasy complexion of many barren married women; and for no reason at all, Jane was certain she wore bloomers." Those rare old days of controversy, before the time of a civilized refinement, when you called your enemy "the son of a pig-faced hooligan," how Mr. Newte must regret them! Happily, all's well with the world and the Empire is safe; for, as Mr. Newte assures us, Socialist families have few children, Nature (an Imperialist, of course) being averse from their reproduction. For crumpling your adversary up, there's nothing like denying his existence!

Mr. Hower loves "the right thing" with as much zeal as Mr. Newte, without any of his acerbity. Here, again, there are no scaffolding or complications of plot, the theme being the accession of a factory girl to the ranks of a race-going, fox-hunting feudalism. Prudence is betrothed to her Captain of the Horse on page 400, but otherwise the book is a series of well-peppered descriptions of meets and races. In spite of the present reviewer's objections to the whole attitude and environment of the hunting-field, he was quite carried away by the first of these vigorously impressionistic sketches. On page 350, however, he fell asleep.

"Frank Danby" always runs on the magazine rails, but she sometimes does it with the speed of a fastish train and so agreeably that one only keeps one eye open to her mawkishness, her lack of original psychology, her attenuated imagination, and metallic style. But in "Full Swing" her achievement badly wants yeast. It is the story of Agatha Wanstead, ruler of a fair demesne, who, thanks to a meticulous scrupulosity, was always doing the wrong thing,

and of her son, who gets embroiled with a hospital nurse, who, having very definitely taken the wrong turning, acts the siren to young men well within their salad period. It is unfortunate that the writer's vitality should be at ebb-tide in her latest novel, for it means that she has to rely upon *staccato* methods; that is to say, to distort her perspective, her idiom, and her characterization, to keep her narrative well primed. That is the worst of the conventionalist's stock-in-trade; it requires such an abnormal amount of tension to create even the semblance of plausibility.

Mr. Fletcher is a good writer, because he is simple and straightforward. As a rule, he disdains the mechanical tricks of his trade—the everlasting fumbling with dreary situations; the meaningless exploitation of motives without sun or air in them; the eternal re-combinations of glucose sentiments and stucco figures. He writes about people that he knows, in strong conflict with their fate and each other, and, if he likes romancing, he has it well salted with realism. Why, then, does he descend to mere conjuring not a year after he wrote that genuine and vivid story—"Perris of the Cherry Trees"? There is plenty of potential strength in "The Marriage Lines," but it is vitiated by ragged construction and an unconvincing setting. The characters, entangled in a net of rather purposeless intrigue, have little or no opportunity of fulfilling their destinies. And all because of a wretched will and the carelessness of the illegitimate hero's father, who died before he could make proper provision for him. It is a profitless imbroglio, and the worst possible medium for Mr. Fletcher's courage, sincerity, and directness.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"American and English Studies." By WHITELAW REID. (Smith, Elder. 2 vols. 15s. net.)

It is not always a service to a man's memory to print his addresses on various occasions or his scattered contributions to the press. But Whitelaw Reid was essentially a man of letters, and the present volumes which "are designed to illustrate both his purely intellectual habit and his point of view as a citizen" are well worth reading. His addresses on Government and education, which fill the first volume, give evidence of a detached and philosophical manner of approaching political and social problems. His firm yet cautious tone when speaking of the Monroe doctrine, for example, is equally removed from spread-eagle Jingoism and from a narrow conception of the part which the United States may aspire to play on the American Continent. It is the same with his discussion of such matters as education and immigration. He took a deep interest in the former subject, and in regard to the latter, though not pessimistic, he was fully alive to the danger that the ideals of the American-born might be submerged by the wave of fresh arrivals. The volume treating of biography and journalism shows an equally wide range. There are good appreciations of Burke and Byron, as well as of Lincoln and Jefferson, and an interesting historical study of "The Scot in America and the Ulster Scot." Perhaps his reflections on journalism—some of them date from 1872, and the most recent is over fourteen years old—might have been omitted, for the conditions of that profession change with bewildering rapidity; but, upon the whole, these studies are a fitting memorial to a cultivated and earnest mind. All through them there is evidence of the temper which did so much to consolidate friendly relations between his own country and the land in which he was her welcome representative.

"Essays and Letters on Public Affairs." By C. H. NORMAN. (Palmer. 5s. net.)

In this book Mr. Norman has brought together a number of his letters on various public questions which he has contributed to the periodical press. It accordingly covers a wide field, ranging from the administration of justice in this country to the Russian advance upon India, and from the Panama Canal to the Criminal Law Amendment Act. On most of them Mr. Norman writes with feeling and knowledge, and if his point of view is always that of an advocate, he certainly impresses the reader with a conviction that there is a case for investigation with regard to most of the questions he raises. The book is at the least a proof of the way in which a telling propaganda can be conducted through the medium of "letters to the editor."

THE CHURCH ARMY

ANNIVERSARY SERVICE in St. Paul's Cathedral,
on Wednesday Evening next, 6th May, at 8.
Preacher, The LORD BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.

ANNUAL MEETINGS in Queen's Hall, Langham
Place, W., on Thursday Afternoon and Even-
ing next, 7th May.

At 3. Chairman,
The LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

At 7.30. Chairman,
H.H. The DUKE OF TECK.

NO TICKETS REQUIRED.

Every friend and supporter of the Church Army is earnestly
requested to be present. GIFTS for announcement at the
Meetings will be most gratefully received, cheques being crossed
"Barclays' a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary
CARLILE, Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, 55, Bryanston
Street, Marble Arch, London, W.



For general use

The "Allenburys" Diet is a complete and easily digested Food. It is
pleasant to take, readily assimilated and speedily restorative. Whilst
helping the system to recover its tone and vigour, it forms an ideal food
for general use. Prepared from rich milk and whole wheat in a partially
predigested form. Made in a minute—add boiling water only.

Of
Chemists,
1/6 & 3/-
per tin

The Allenburys' DIET

Large
Sample
sent for
3d. stamps

D.4. Allen & Hanburys Ltd., Lombard Street, E.C.



Write for the

New Rate of Subscription TO THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY

THE SERVICE IS EXCELLENT.

328 Books for £2.12.0

ONE subscriber last year read 328 books on a
£2 12s. subscription. She writes: "It is
simply marvellous." Another read 65 books in
less than three months at a cost of less than 9s.

The newest and best books, and newest fiction,
instead of being packed tight on shelves, are
spread on reading tables, so that subscribers can
spend a pleasant quarter of an hour browsing
among the best of recent literature, and can
choose for themselves without irritating delay
or formalities.

Those who know only the old system of ex-
change should pay a visit to this new and
pleasanter exchange room.

(Please mention "The Nation.")

The Times Book Club
CIRCULATING LIBRARY
376, OXFORD ST., LONDON.



"No, Madam, the Onoto
cannot possibly leak!"

**"No, Madam, this pen
cannot possibly leak!"**

"This pen is the celebrated Onoto.

"It is advertised as 'the one
really satisfactory self-filling fountain
pen'—and I personally am convinced
they are right. At any rate, the
advertised claims that the Onoto 'fills
itself in a flash' and that 'it cannot
leak' are absolutely proved by every
Onoto I have ever seen—and we sell
a lot of them.

"A simple turn of this 'head'
renders the Onoto a sealed tube.
You can carry it upside down if you
like—it will never leak a drop. Ladies
always appreciate this point; so many
of them nowadays like to carry pens
in their handbags."

Onoto
The Self-filling
Safety Fountain Pen

GUARANTEE.—We—the makers and patentees
of the Onoto Self-filling Pen—undertake to put right
—at any time—free of charge, any defect or fault in any
Onoto Pen, without regard to the age of the pen, or
from whom it was purchased—
THOMAS DE LA RUE & Co., Ltd.

Price 10/6 and upwards, of all Stationers, Jewellers,
and Stores. Booklet about the Onoto Pen free on applica-
tion to THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO., Ltd., 411,
Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

Ask for ONOTO INK—Best for all Pens.

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, April 24.	Closing Price Thursday, April 30.
Consols	74½	75½
Midland Deferred	72	72½
Mexican Railway Ordinary	29½	31½
Chinese 5 p.c., 1896	100	100½
Union Pacific	156½	157½
Turkish Unified	81	81
Brazilian 4 p.c., 1889	71½	71½

LAST week ended in acute gloom and depression on the Stock Exchange, and the account disclosed a serious failure in the Foreign Market. There is much sympathy with the firm, which is, happily, able to pay 20s. in the £. The heaviest falls during the long account occurred in Canadian and Mexican railways, but foreign bonds, as well as home and American railways, were very flat. The illness of the Emperor of Austria, taken in conjunction with the American Expedition against General Huerta, were, of course, the main external causes of depression, events in Ulster being of minor significance, according to Stock Exchange opinion. On the whole, Consols and the Irish Land Stock, and gilt-edged securities generally, kept up very well throughout. With this week the political horizon seemed to clear. There is at least a chance that Mexico will settle down of itself, as a result of South American mediation; and the City, at any rate, is more than ever convinced, since the speeches of Wednesday night, that the Ulster problem will be settled by consent. If both these anticipations prove correct, there ought to be a very good chance of an upward movement on the Stock Exchange; for there is cheap money in London and a trade depression in other countries—two phenomena which should certainly promote a buoyant and speculative spirit in the Stock Markets. Our own Stock Exchange is taking a holiday for Newmarket, and will so be able to console itself beforehand for Monday's Budget.

MEXICAN STOCKS.

Practically all Mexican securities are now standing at what might almost be called "rubbish prices." Even if this term is too strong, it could be said with truth that were settled conditions to be resumed to-morrow, some of them securities would be worth 50 per cent. more than they are to-day; but the market cannot make up its mind whether American intervention helps or postpones the resumption of progress. The intervention itself has not had a very direct influence on prices; where they have fallen, the reason is more often to be found in a keener realization by the investor of the harm which the long period of unsettlement was bound to do to Mexican investments. The passing of all the dividends on the stocks of the Mexican Railway, and, more recently, the circular issued by the Mexican Northern Power Company, calling attention to the necessity of providing money to safeguard the assets which represent the capital expended, are stern and unpleasant reminders of the waste for which the want of stable government is responsible. How Mexican securities have moved in the past two months is shown by the following:—

	Price Mar. 1.	Present Price.	Int. or Div.	Yield. £ s. d.
Mexican Govt. 5% Bonds	84	81½	5	6 2 9
Do. 6% 10-yr. Bonds	91	89	6	6 14 9
Mexico City 5% Bonds	83	75	—	nil.
Interoceanic Railway 1st Pref. 5%	57	53½	4	7 9 6
Mexican Railway 6% Deb.	122	109	6	5 10 0
Do. 1st Pref.	113½	98	—	nil.
Do. 2nd Pref.	71	60	—	nil.
Do. Ord.	36½	30	—	nil.
Mexican Southern Ord.	91	86½	5	6 18 9
Mexico N. Western 6% P.L. Bonds	70½	68	6	8 16 6
Do. 5% Bonds	29½	27½	—	nil.
Nat. of Mexico 4½% P.L.	61	58½	4½	*
Do. (Mex. Intl.) 4½% P.L.	77½	73	4½	*
Mex. Light and Power Com.	42	37	—	—
Do. 5% Bonds	78	71	5	7 1 0
Do. 5% 2nd Bonds	66	61	5	8 4 0
Mex. Trams Com.	72½	64½	—	—
Do. 5% Bonds	82½	72½	5	6 19 6
Do. 6% Bonds	82½	70	6	8 14 0

* Interest paid in scrip.

The philosophic investor who holds any of these securities will resign himself to the loss of a few years' interest on his investment, consoling himself with the thought that Mexico is only going through a similar transition to those which South American Republics have passed and survived, though not without a great loss of capital and hindrance to progress. To sell at the present moment would mean cutting a very serious loss, and those who can afford to do so will "hold on." Whether it is wise to buy just now, however, is another matter. Certainly, no cautious investor would buy Mexican securities just now. But for those who want an attractive speculation, such a stock as Mexican Railway 6 per Cent. Debentures offers good chances, while even the Prior Lien Bonds of the National of Mexico should be worth much more than their present quotations at some future date. Even the most drastic reconstruction could hardly affect them to the amount of loss represented by present prices. The bonds of the Light and Power and Tramway Company, too, ought to be all right, if those at the head of affairs can only hold out until the situation is better. The worst that can happen is for the period of "doing nothing," as far as business and finance is concerned, to last a great while longer. But President Wilson can hardly have undertaken the task of setting things straight without having a fairly clear idea of how it was to be accomplished without undue delay.

RUBBER DIVIDENDS.

Although rubber has recovered nearly to 3s. per pound, the Share Market remains in a state of apathy as the public sees no incentive to buy in the face of declining dividends. The final dividend of Linggi plantations, declared last week, was disappointing, as it looked very small by comparison with past results, making only 70 per cent. for the year against 143½ for 1912, 193½ for 1911, and 237½ for 1910, in which year the price of the 2s. shares touched £3 12s. At their present price they return about 8 per cent. From this figure to 10 or 12 per cent. is about the average return on the leading rubber shares on the basis of 1913 dividends; that is to say, on an average selling price of rubber, somewhere about 3s. per lb. Increased outputs will, in most cases, hardly make up for the lower price if rubber does not improve in value; but for those who want a long-term speculation, the Rubber Share Market probably offers very fair chances of profit. But so much (in fact, everything) turns on the price of the commodity, that it is impossible to say that the leading shares are bargains just now. Their market values still capitalize the estates at £100 or more per acre, and rubber has to be worth rather more than 4s. per pound to give a 10 per cent. return on this.

LUCELLUM.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Funds Exceed £23,000,000.

Income Exceeds £5,400,000

Chief Offices: LONDON, 61, Threadneedle Street; EDINBURGH, 64, Princes Street.

d.
d.
9
9
6
0
9
6
0
0
6
0

es
is
co
h
h
s.
y
r
n
e
t.
n
e
n
o
ls
at
d
n
d
t
f
f

,
c
s.
t
y
r
r
l
e
3
f
r
s
)
e
r
e